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THE INDICTMENT OF PROHIBITION

An Appeal to the Tribunal of Last Resort—the People's Will

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THE discussion which follows has little in common with numberless presentations of the menacing evils of the Prohibition enforced upon us by the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act; for in the main, it is an arraignment of the culpable political maneuvers whereby this ominous adventure of Government became possible in our country.

The President of the United States —to whom we should concede a quickened outlook, generally, upon life and governmental affairs—has characterized Prohibition as an "experiment noble in motive"; but this view is not acquiesced in by its opponents nor even by all its advocates. For in vital respects, the adoption of the 18th Amendment was not any more creditable than have been its interpretation and enforcement under the Volstead Act.

Some contributions by devotees of the Dry Faith go even so far as to applaud the methods resorted to in bringing about Prohibition; and, on the contrary, André Siegfried says in "America Comes of Age":

> It is, however, openly admitted that Congress voted under direct and formidable pressure from the Anti-Saloon League, which was clever enough to impose its own wording of the law and to obtain most of its demands. Its agents had carried on an ambitious and vigorous campaign in different constituencies and had even gone as far as blackmail. In some cases, with the aid of detectives, they had unearthed the private life of the local Congressman, noting his debts, his moral weaknesses, and any stains on his reputation. Then they were in a position to order him to vote as he was told or be exposed.

With such assertions, which are measurably conjectural, or at least not susceptible of proof, this discussion has little or no concern. It does not primarily seek to set up any balance-sheet as to the advantages and disadvantages of Prohibition; nor does it concern itself over-much with the mooted question whether violation of the *malum prohibitum* and of the *malum in se* is of equal gravity.

It seeks rather to focus attention upon the fact that in adoption of the Amendment and passage of the Volstead Act—with its unconscionable provisions of favoritism—the States and the People were misled to their prejudice; and that we have in organic law and Federal statute, enactments which vest in our Gov-

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ernment, powers never intentionally conferred upon it.

And, pursuant to familiar equitable principles, results secured through misrepresentation by one party to an undertaking, or even through justifiable misapprehension by the other, are not binding upon the contracting party that is misled. Ill-gotten gains are not to be regarded as sacrosanct property, even when possessed by a national government.

This, too, should be said by way of introduction. Until the determination of the Prohibition cases, in which I appeared as advocate, my refusal to write on the subject of Prohibition will be understood. Now, however, I have consented to present the views which follow, that are addressed neither to irreconcilable Drys nor irreconcilable Wets, but to the unprejudiced, reasonable citizen, anxious for the well-being of Society and of the State.

Admittedly, the 18th Amendment was directed against the drunkard over the bar, and the social and economic ills asserted to follow from over-indulgence in intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes. It deals with no other subject. For the Amendment is:

> SECTION 1.—After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.
>
> SECTION 2.—The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

Yet, the Amendment has been so interpreted by the Volstead Act that the people of this country are denied the enjoyment of liquors *not* intoxicating *and also the right to be healed of bodily ailments.* And the Amendment has now the startling effect as if, among other things, it had read:

> SECTION 1.—After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited. *And intoxicating liquors shall be deemed to be those which contain an alcoholic content in excess of one half of one per cent.*
>
> SECTION 2.—*The Congress shall have jurisdiction over medicinal liquor and be authorized to prescribe the dosage to be administered to the patient by the physician even by enema, but shall be forbidden to legislate as to the manufacture or consumption of sacramental intoxicants.*
>
> SECTION 3.—The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation; *but this concurrent power shall not entitle the several States to any voice in the determination as to what is appropriate legislation.*

It is preposterous to insist that any such Amendment could have been adopted, even though double jeopardy, the felony enforcement statute and legalized poisoned alcohol were not remotely dreamt of.

Moreover, by reiterated word and deed, States have made clear their misunderstanding of "Concurrent Power," whereby it has been held that they bartered away their birthright of Statehood without even receipt of the proverbial pottage of lentils. And the minority opinions of the Supreme Court in the *National Prohibition Cases* justify such a conclusion with inexorable logic.

These views of the minority opinion are fortified by the fact that *no contrary views were expressed in the prevailing opinion on this point*, nor, for that matter, on any other point before the Court in those cases. For the majority opinion contented itself

with mere announcement of conclusions, without assigned reasons—notwithstanding the fact that before that Court distinguished counsel at the American Bar had, for days, argued in support of contrary conclusions. Even Chief Justice White, in concurring with the majority, declared, with words of marked solemnity:

> I profoundly regret that in a case of this magnitude, affecting as it does an amendment of the Constitution dealing with the powers and duties of the National and State Governments, and intimately concerning the welfare of the whole people, the court has deemed it proper to state only ultimate conclusions without an exposition of the reasoning by which they have been reached.

Slight wonder that States still adhere to the conviction that they misapprehended the significance now attached to the words "Concurrent Power"!

If these truths can be brought home to our Government, surely it cannot honorably remain in smug and defiant possession of rights, the title to which is forfeit in the Court of Conscience. Yet, up to the present, Congress seems to have a conception of honor, not markedly dissimilar from that found in *Falstaff's* fantastic soliloquy in "King Henry IV."

Or perhaps it is no question of honor, but, as some insist, mere solicitude on the part of Congress concerning the admonishing crack of the whip or even cut of the lash of the Dry Cause, in legislative lobby and nominating convention.

As stated, the fact is notorious that when the Amendment was proposed for adoption no thought was in the mind of legislatures or citizens generally that it would forbid the use for beverage purposes of liquors *not* in fact intoxicating.

There was the thought, too, in the minds of many, that intoxicating liquors were to be interpreted in their trade sense as distilled spirits, and not as beer or fermented wines. But assuming this latter suggestion not to be wholly warranted, it can be safely said that the people of this country were shocked, when Congress acted upon the assumption that a roving commission had been conferred upon it to commit the wrong of enacting the "one half of one per cent" limitation of alcoholic content.

As to medicinal liquor, the indictment of Prohibition has "counts" in it to which the most resourceful of casuists cannot demur. For when the Amendment was proposed for adoption, it was accompanied by a concurrent resolution from the Senate Judiciary Committee defining what would be its effect upon medicinal liquor.

In the noted Lambert case, Judge Knox—in holding unconstitutional Section 7 of the Volstead Act, which limits the physician's prescription for a patient to a pint in any ten days, no matter how critical be the condition of the patient—said:

> As bearing upon what was sought to be accomplished through the instrumentality of the Eighteenth Amendment, I quote from the Report of the Senate Judiciary Committee, dated June 11, 1917, in which the adoption of a concurrent resolution submitting amendment to the States was recommended.
>
> "National law, enacted under an amended Constitution, could prohibit transportation and sale, *and in concurrence with like legislation by the States (the union of the power of the nation and the power of the States)*, thus securing the entire strength of the whole community, could soon put an end to the traffic. . . . Alcohol would still be manufactured, distributed and sold under the restrictions appertaining to other poisons; *and its use as a medicine and in the arts would not be interfered with.*"

And Judge Knox added:

I have little or no doubt that it was the impelling force and reasonableness of the thought expressed by the foregoing quotation that brought about the submission of the Amendment to the several States and was responsible for its ratification by forty-five of them.

This promise, thus held to have been relied upon by the States, was deliberately departed from. For the prohibition is complete, and the physician who prescribes for a patient more than a pint of liquor in any ten days becomes a criminal, though the ministry be for alleviation of pain, the prolongation or even the saving of life.

Moreover, the conclusions of eminent medical authorities submitted to the Supreme Court in the Lambert case are that, notably in febrile cases, where the stomach may resent the reception of food, the amount of alcoholic liquor required is often as much as a pint a day for arresting the disease. And, more than this, these authorities disclose that there are times when medicinal liquor cannot be taken as a beverage, but must be administered by *enema.*

So that to-day, a constitutional amendment—admittedly aimed, as stated, against the drunkard over the bar and the social and economic ills asserted to accompany over-indulgence in intoxicating liquors—has been interpreted to mean that a physician shall not alleviate the pain or even save the life of a patient by the prescription of more than a pint of liquor in any ten days, although the liquors are to be administered by *enema!*

It will profit us all to know who were before the Supreme Court in that case.

As to Dr. Samuel W. Lambert, it was held that "he is a man of great distinction in his profession and of wide and unusual experience in the practice of medicine." He had alleged in his complaint the utter inadequacy, in his opinion, of the pint-in-ten-days-prohibition; *and under the pleading interposed by the Government, this fact was admitted.*

There was, too, before the Court the dissent of the Association for the Protection of Constitutional Rights —of which Dr. Lambert is President —composed of hundreds of outstanding physicians and surgeons.

Finally, there was before the Court the American Medical Association with its nearly one hundred thousand membership. For that Association had been permitted to file its *Amicus Curiae* Brief of protest against the ignominious fetters forged by Congress to shackle a great profession in its ministry to the afflicted.

It is to be borne in mind, too, that among members of that profession thus before the Court were those who believed in Prohibition rightly arrived at, and even some who were doubtful of the value of alcohol in the treatment of disease. But they were consecrated to the thought that the physician, who did believe in its efficacy, was not to be denied the right of exercise of individual judgment. The pleas, though unsuccessful, were not without avail since the rallying word of the dissenting opinion, below quoted from, bade patient and physician be of good cheer. For they were conscious that, more than once in our history, the dissenting opinion has wrought popular uprising and legislative reform.

Meanwhile, what is the duty of a

physician toward a patient requiring more intoxicating liquor than he can prescribe? Is there any doubt that it is to tell the family or friends of the need of the patient? Is there any doubt that in consequence the liquor is legitimately or illegitimately secured? And can such mandatory course be condemned other than by hypocrisy masquerading in the livery of a discredited Statute?

To make humiliation come full-circle to patient and physician alike, the Volstead Act requires that, *for the inspection of some spying Government employee*, every prescription must betray the malady of the patient, *who thus no longer can make confidential communications to his medical adviser*. To such a pass have the people of this land and a great profession come!

Concerning the "one half of one per cent" definition—characterized by a distinguished Federal Judge as "a legislative lie"—the specious claim is made that, if the alcoholic content were not thus negligible, in all likelihood it would be increased to an intoxicating content. The claim is without merit, since the apprehended danger could be avoided by appropriate, drastic regulations, requiring, among other things, that the liquor go directly from producer to consumer and not be permitted to enter the channels of trade, through the saloon or otherwise. This regulatory legislation in the interest of justice would, however, have necessitated some slight trouble, and accordingly the Volsteadites took the summary short cut to injustice.

Again, as to medicinal liquor, the hazard of its diversion to beverage purposes is alleged as the justification for limiting the prescription of the physician to one pint of alcoholic liquor in any ten days. The minority opinion of the Supreme Court, nevertheless, held, as had Judge Knox, that regulations—which, as appeared in the Lambert case, the physicians had themselves proposed—would reasonably prevent that diversion. And the traps these proposed regulations set for the abhorrent bootlegging doctor had teeth in them, for they would subject the offender to the pains and penalties of imprisonment as well as fines.

Yet even if the hazard of diversion were not negligible but substantial, the prohibition against the physician is, according to that minority opinion, wholly without warrant. The right to heal and reciprocally the right to be healed is a constitutional privilege; and we cannot thus annul constitutional guaranties, as Congress has done in the Volstead Act.

We do not have to seek far for an illustration of the appropriate method of dealing with a constitutional right, the unregulated exercise of which may be unjustified. Article Second of the first Ten Amendments to the Federal Constitution, is:

> *Right to bear arms not to be infringed:* A well regulated militia being necessary for the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

And though this has been judicially interpreted as binding only on the National Government, States in their Constitutions or Civil Rights Acts have like restrictions, or the right is to be enjoyed in the absence of any enactment.

As in the case of intoxicating

liquor, there is the danger of diversion of the firearm to unlawful purposes, but fraught with much more serious consequence than diversion of medicinal liquor to the party of hilarity or even the orgy. For diversion of the firearm may mean murder.

The armored car that parades our streets is eloquent testimony to this menace. Yet, the people of this country are not, by reason of this hazard of diversion of the weapon to murderous purposes, deprived of their right to possess arms. In the securing of them the individual must merely submit himself to an inquiry by the public authorities for a determination whether the application is for worthy purposes. If the facts establish this, he must be accorded the permit. The exercise of the right is subject merely to the salutary and sane regulation.

A recent case in the United States Supreme Court still further emphasizes this principle. The State of Pennsylvania had forbidden the use of shoddy in manufacture—claiming, in defense of the legislation, that it was a necessary enforcement feature for prevention of deception and protection of health. The Supreme Court summarily disposed of such contention by declaring that the provision was so arbitrary and unreasonable as to be unconstitutional:

> Constitutional guaranties may not be made to yield to mere convenience. . . . The business here involved is legitimate and useful, *and while it is subject to reasonable regulations*, the absolute prohibition of the use of shoddy in the manufacture of comfortables, is purely arbitrary, and violates the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

It is for recognition by the Amendment and the Volstead Act of the principle thus again announced that representative citizens have, for years, been pleading to Congress, and are still pleading, but in vain.

Then, too, what can be said in defense of legislation which, for political expediency "played favorites" after the following fashion?

While, as pointed out, the Volstead Act prohibits the physician from prescribing what he deems vital for the needs of the patient, it places no limit upon the right of "Priest, Minister or Rabbi" to sacramental intoxicants—though it is notorious that the hazard of their diversion to irreligious beverage purposes is at least as pronounced as in the case of medicinal liquor.

For the Act specifically provides that "it shall *not be held to apply to the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation, possession, or distribution of wine for sacramental purposes or like religious rites.*" The Priest, Minister or Rabbi presents his requisition for such intoxicants, and the sole question is whether he is or is not Priest, Minister or Rabbi. If his calling is established, he becomes forthwith entitled to them under such regulations as may be fixed by the Executive Department.

As to such scandalous discrimination, Judge Knox says:

> So far as the sacramental use of wine is concerned, there is no specific limitation of the quantity that may be purchased and consumed. Instead of manifesting the same solicitude for the physical well-being of a person suffering from a disease (other than alcoholism), the proper treatment of which demands more than a pint of liquor within ten days, that it evinced for the spiritual comfort and welfare of members of certain religious sects, Congress restricted in the manner complained of, the medicinal use of intoxicating liquor.

Unctuously sluice out, with lavish political hand, intoxicating beverages to ritualist and communicant, but deny

to the sick and the dying the ministry of the physician!

Legalized poisoned alcohol, the felony enforcement statute and double jeopardy have but added to the justifiable protest against the Amendment as interpreted by Congress in the Volstead Act.

There is, too, this rather equivocal episode in the Prohibition story.

In the so-called Transportation Cases, the Supreme Court held it a violation of the transportation clause of the Amendment and the Volstead Act for ships to come into the ports of this country with intoxicating liquors, *although sealed and placed in charge of a Federal agent at the three-mile limit.* Thereafter, for months, foreign liners were obliged to jettison at the three-mile limit all liquors unconsumed on the voyage. The cup of the Drys must then have been overflowing with a joy that was intoxicating!

But the end was not yet. For later we entered into a Treaty providing that *in consideration of our governmental right of search being extended beyond the three-mile limit*—by courtesy it should be termed Prohibition's Right of Search—"no penalty or forfeiture should be applicable or attach to" liquors transported under seal or to vessels carrying them.

Yet they were thus transported at the date of the Court's decision, *with the added security of the Federal agent's charge.* Accordingly the Treaty was in effect a nullification of the Amendment; or if it was not this, then every such vessel that enters our harbors flouts the mandate of the Supreme Court.

The learned Justice who wrote the prevailing opinion in these cases—for there was expressed dissent in a minority opinion—used language somewhat colloquial but nevertheless quite comprehensive: "It is obvious that those whose *wishes and opinions* (*sic*) were embodied in the Amendment, meant to stop the whole business." That part of the "business," however, which was passed upon in this case was not, as we now know, put an end to, but on the contrary proceeds gayly upon its transportation way.

Nor ought we to be in much doubt as to what the Supreme Court, with its judicial power over Treaties, would be likely to say of the constitutionality of any such Treaty, if ever by chance before it for adjudication.

A rather messy affair at best is, in racing parlance, this in-and-out performance of Prohibition.

With all these evils on the head of Prohibition, is it surprising that the consequent lack of respect for Amendment and Volstead Act does not lessen but on the contrary increases?

In a recent illuminating article on "Prohibition and Reconstruction," President Lowell of Harvard depicts the hopeless demoralization and corruption proceeding from Prohibition; and the foreboding conditions he sets forth, to use his own forceful phrase, strike at the root of our civil life.

Everywhere the present day carping *laudator temporis acti* and *castigator censorque minorum* of Horace—or perhaps he is not now the captious critic—has much to say of prevalent evil tendencies in this country. Yet

we cannot deny that many of such tendencies are directly traceable to popular mutiny over the interpretation of the 18th Amendment by the Volstead Act.

There is an easy way out of this deplorable mess.

Congress can, by decent amendments of the Volstead Act, fix an honest restriction of alcoholic content or can so interpret the Amendment as to leave such content to be determined by the several States. It can limit "liquors" to its true trade significance—distilled spirits—and permit wine and beer to be manufactured and indulged in under reasonable regulations; and this should operate to put at an end the traffic in distilled intoxicating liquors. It can leave freedom to the worthy physician to prescribe such liquor as he deems requisite for treatment of the patient—pursuant however to such regulations as will operate to eliminate any substantial diversion of medicinal liquor to beverage purposes. This is the expeditious way to honorable results.

If Congress cannot be persuaded to do this, at least it ought to be required to adopt the alternative of submission to Conventions of the States—as may be done under our Constitution—of a new Amendment which shall say what it means and mean what it says. If submission thus be to Conventions of the States, debate and contest over selection of Delegates would leave no room for misapprehension as to the extent of the proposed surrender to the Federal Government of the rights—including the police power—reserved to the States under the United States Constitution. Moreover, since it has been judicially held that Congress could attach time limitations for adoption of the 18th Amendment, it may well be that, under a carefully worked out plan, the proposed new Amendment can be submitted with alternative forms of restrictions in the use of intoxicating liquors.

Then, after an arbitrament of the People, which has not yet been had, we shall, whatever be their judgment, have—in substitution for the Prohibition rancor and violence of the past decade—peace and a return to the ways of decency and dignity in our national life.

There is at present no method of dealing with the question at issue except by a change in the Volstead Act or the Amendment. For against a militant and very audible minority, a majority of the Supreme Court—from a compelling sense of judicial duty we are bound to assume—has upheld the Government practically in all its contentions on the subject, except in the so-called Street case. In that case the Court held that liquor lawfully purchased might be kept by the owner outside of his home in a private warehouse—the test of legality being not the place where the liquor was possessed, but the conditions under which it was acquired.

In other particulars there is little probability that any change of judicial view will take place in the interpretation of the Volstead Act, although the Supreme Court has more than once revised its views. An instance of this was in cases arising under the so-called Sherman Anti-Trust Act. In those cases it was held

originally that the restraint of trade referred to in the Act meant practically any restraint of trade, *irrespective of its extent or character;* and it was not until later that this view was departed from and the "rule of reason" adopted, whereby its extent and character were held to be of primary importance.

Perhaps we may hereafter have the judicial benediction of another Rule of Reason; but for the moment, recourse must be had to Congress. And one of the grounds for the demand should be the admittedly hopeless disrespect in which the law is held. For how could it be otherwise regarded, when the man on the street corner hears more or less unamiable references even to the courts for their decisions affecting Prohibition?

Mr. Elmer Davis in a recent article concerning Prohibition, "What Can We Do About It," speaks of "the weather eye which the Supreme Court seems to keep on public opinion," and, further, that "the Supreme Court is proficient in beating the devil around the stump when he needs beating."

If it be thought, as some persons will think—and I am among the number—that such language is lacking in certain amenities of discussion, many laymen claim to find for it excuse, if not justification, from the minority opinions of the Courts themselves.

For the Courts are criticized not alone by laymen, for their disposition of cases under the Volstead Act. In a case which arose after the Street case, the majority opinion of the Supreme Court declined to extend to intoxicating liquors stored in a public bonded warehouse the protection from governmental confiscation accorded to those stored in a private warehouse. Thereupon, the acrimonious expressions of the dissenting opinion were without even scant courtesy toward the prevailing opinion.

When the Lambert case was on argument before the Circuit Court of Appeals, one of the Judges, in rather abrupt comment upon the plea of counsel, that Section 7 of the Volstead Act prohibiting the physician from prescribing more than a pint of liquor in any ten days was so arbitrary and unreasonable as to be unconstitutional, said: How can you expect me to agree with you in this, when the Supreme Court itself has upheld "a legislative lie" in the definition of intoxicating liquor?

Again, in the Lambert case, before the Supreme Court, the dissenting opinion, written by Mr. Justice Sutherland, and concurred in by Justices Butler, McReynolds and Stone, had this to say concerning the pint-in-ten-days-prohibition:

> *This observation does more than beg the question—it indulges an assumption the exact contrary of that which the record conclusively establishes;* for the limitation of quantity is not only unsupported by any legislative finding that it is reasonable, but it *is in flat opposition to the only facts appearing in the record which bear upon the question of what is a permissible prescription and, therefore, is without rational basis, resting alone upon the arbitrarily exercised will of Congress.* I do not see how it can be held otherwise *without completely ignoring the case as made and constructing and considering another and different case. . . .*
>
> By the legislation now under review, the authority of Congress is so exercised that *the reserved power of the States to control the practice of medicine is directly invaded, to the illegitimate end that the prescription and use of liquors for medicinal purposes is prohibited. . . .*
>
> Congressional legislation directly prohibiting intoxicating liquor for concededly medical pur-

poses, therefore, does not consist with the letter and spirit of the Constitution, and viewed as a means of carrying into effect *the granted power is in fraud of that instrument, and especially of the Tenth Amendment.*

It would seem, as we read such caustic comments, as if we were back in the turbulent, epoch-making days of the Dred Scott decision.

It must accordingly not occasion surprise that there should be increasing popular dissatisfaction with judicial conclusions arrived at by majority opinions with such accompanying censure from members of the Bench itself.

Nor can the statement be successfully challenged that in the Forum of fair play many a worthy, law-abiding citizen, rightly or wrongly, condones evasion or at least avoidance of the Prohibition laws. And the foreign visitor of distinction to our shores commends this attitude, as he expresses sympathy for the plight in which we are floundering.

Only at long intervals has the United States appropriated to itself power or property to which it was not entitled.

Ruthlessly and without warrant we "took" from the Republic of Colombia the Panama Canal Zone, and years after the seizure we paid her millions of dollars as amends for the perpetrated wrong. No doubt it was desirable for us to secure an inter-ocean waterway, but there are many —and they are not visionaries—who insist it would have been better for vessels to round Cape Horn till the end of time than that we should have shortened the route by the practices with which we were charged.

In a very real sense, a not dissimilar situation is before us now, for the United States has taken from the States and the People rights with which they never knowingly parted. And to the extent that this wrong can be righted, reparation should be made freely and promptly, if only for the reason that it may not serve as an accepted precedent for other wrongs, and that one forbidding page of our history be blotted out. Surely the States and people of this country are entitled to a restoration of their rights quite as much as was Colombia to the money we paid her.

Is good faith or the salutary rule that rights secured by A from B, through misapprehension of the facts by B are voidable, to apply to layman and lawyer, and not to the Sovereign State?

In a well-known case, the Surrogate of New York County had on the *ex parte* application of counsel, who failed to divulge all the facts, made an order which, on being apprised of the truth, he forthwith vacated. The Appellate Division restored the original order. It so happened that I was retained to argue the appeal in the Court of Appeals; and that Court overruled the Appellate Division, and with inspiriting words, held that the *Caveat Emptor* rule of the market-place was not to invade the Temple of Justice and masquerade there as *Caveat Judex.*

Is the answer to the claim of the States and citizens that they were misled to their prejudice in adopting the Amendment to be a cynical and audacious refusal of restoration either through Congressional Act or by a true arbitration under the proposed new Amendment? Can the United

States take the abhorrent attitude that the candor required of the individual in private intercourse with his fellows or of counsel with the Court is not a prerequisite of national acquisition of rights?

Such in part is the seamy story of Prohibition, which must surprise, if not shock, many a conscientious convert to the Dry Cause, as he reads the unsavory tactics whereby Prohibition has attained its ends.

Scarcely ever in our history has a more urgent occasion arisen for dealing with a national emergency by a courage which, in the words of William Lloyd Garrison, must be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. It must, however, be a courage not to be manifested in irate but misdirected energy—which often is a sorry substitute for inertia—but a courage that is well-informed and defiantly militant.

We have too long been prone to indulge in smiles and shoulder-shrugging over the Prohibition menace or have been apparently, and perhaps actually, indifferent to it; and we have been timorous as well.

We need for our guidance some such creed as

"Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honor's at the stake."

And we need, too, what *Hamlet* could not summon to his command—the resolve and fortitude to make practices conform to professions.

Under disciplined leadership millions of patriotic men and women, quickened to the service of a great cause, must stand ready by mandatory memorials to Congress, and, in all other seemly but resolute ways, to press their views in the interest of justice that cries out for recognition. And in their ranks should be found hosts of the Dry contingent, that are not to be libeled by being classed with the zealot Drys, who like Ephraim of old are joined to idols and who in Scriptural phrase should be let alone.

Failure on our part to volunteer in such a movement might well be interpreted as an admission of unresponsive citizenship or as acquiescence in Emerson's assertion that the timidity of our public opinion is our disease.

Even Congress, one would think, should welcome the end of the Dry Reign of Terror with its political guillotine, under the shadow of which our National Legislature lives its life.

Finally, this remains to be said: The thought in the minds of some ardent prohibitionists, may be that we shall not have in this country, under the new order, Prohibition in any form approaching present conditions. This happily will be true, but we can well afford to welcome the risk that defensible temperance be substituted for indefensible Prohibition. Of course there is no risk. Yet if there were, Heaven forbid that we consent to have rights filched from us, because of some possible resultant disadvantage in the assertion of them!

In a noted case before the United States Supreme Court, the question at issue was the right of maintaining a suit in ejectment against property—which happened to be Arlington

Heights—held under color of title for account of the Federal Government.

In the course of the argument, one of the Justices suggested to plaintiff's counsel that a decision of the Court in favor of his client might establish a precedent, whereby the Government at some future time could be ousted from land used for a lighthouse, which thereupon might be dismantled—thus exposing lives and property to new perils of the sea.

The memorable answer of the advocate was: "*Better that the Lighthouse never should be lighted than that the Light of Justice should be put out.*"

The contention of counsel prevailed; and if we hold fast to the conviction that moral causes, when fearlessly and persuasively presented, triumph in the end, we may be very sure that this cause of righteousness and justice will prevail against the usurpations of Prohibition.

How can the result be otherwise, since to our good fortune, there is in this land no final court of appeals except that Tribunal of Last Resort —the People's Will—which, at the behest of aroused, instructed and valiant public opinion, issues its inexorable decrees of justice whereto men and political institutions and even courts—under the now accepted rules of law—must yield allegiance.

Only the question remains, whether the People in their sovereign right will, understandingly, repair to that Tribunal.

Making Real the Pact of Paris

Shall American Statesmanship Belie the Promise Made in Our Country's Name

George W. Wickersham

Attorney-General in the Cabinet of President Taft

In his inaugural address, President Hoover said: "The whole world is at peace. The dangers to a continuation of this peace to-day are largely the fear and suspicion which still haunt the world. No suspicion or fear can be rightly directed toward our country."

Every lover of his country must wish this to be a correct statement. The President's words surely will carry some relief to many anxious minds in our own and in other lands. But those who have followed the recent expressions of members of a coördinate branch of our Government, are justified in a feeling of apprehension that there is a different sentiment among a certain class of Americans; one which is less friendly and which affords ground for a reasonable fear that American influence may not be wholly exerted for the stabilization of the peace of the world.

The Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate, Mr. Borah, in the course of the debate over the Naval Appropriation Bill, which authorized the construction of fifteen 10,000-ton cruisers and a large aircraft carrier, stated that we are on the eve of a race for naval supremacy with Great Britain, and likened the situation between the two great English-speaking nations to that existing between England and Germany in 1914.

This alarming statement was made at a singularly infelicitous moment. The Senate had just given its approval, virtually its unanimous approval, to the Multilateral Treaty for the Renunciation of War—a treaty which President Coolidge described as "One of the most important treaties ever laid before the Senate of the United States." By this treaty, to which our Government has invited all the nations of the world to become parties, the high contracting parties "in the names of their respective peoples" condemn "recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another"; and "agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts *of whatever nature or of whatever origin* they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought *except by pacific means.*"

These unqualified provisions would seem to embody in the most

unmistakable terms a great international resolve that war should be relegated to the limbo of forgotten things and that the nations had resolutely determined henceforth to have none of it.

"The observance of this covenant, so simple and so straightforward," wrote President Coolidge to the Senate, "promises more for the peace of the world than any other agreement ever negotiated among the nations." Great words these. Their justification lies in the predicate "observance." If this treaty be honestly observed, it would seem that the clouds of war never again should darken the lives of men. But in the very process of negotiation, a notion was born and allowed to grow, which became a veritable upas-tree, casting its shadow over the whole fair flowering plant of peace, with doubt whether even those who propounded the treaty intended its actual and unqualified observance.

"What about the right of self-defense?" governments began to inquire, when confronted with Mr. Kellogg's proposal to extend the proposed agreement to all nations and to embrace within its provisions not merely *aggressive* war, but *all* war. Nothing in the proposed treaty, was the reply, restricts or impairs the right of self-defense, a right which "is inherent in every sovereign state and implicit in every treaty." "Every nation," wrote Secretary Kellogg, "is free at all times and regardless of treaty provisions to defend its territory from attack or invasion and it alone is competent to decide whether circumstances require recourse to war in self-defense." This concession was not quite sufficient for the British Minister of Foreign Affairs. Sir Austen Chamberlain reminded Mr. Kellogg "that there are certain regions in the world the welfare and integrity of which constitute a special and vital interest for our peace and safety. His Majesty's Government have been at pains to make it clear in the past that interference with those regions would not be suffered." He therefore accepted the treaty on behalf of his Government "upon the distinct understanding that it does not prejudice Great Britain's freedom of action in this respect." This statement was reiterated when the final draft of the treaty was approved on behalf of that Government. No comment was made by Mr. Kellogg upon these statements of British understanding. Members of the United States Senate were swift to seize upon this tacit acceptance when the treaty came up for approval, and to give the exception of self-defense from the operations of the treaty a latitude of construction which, if admitted, would impair, if it did not entirely destroy the value of the compact. Senator Swanson said self-defense "includes anything that any nation may determine is vital for its protection and self-defense. The wars excluded from the operations of this treaty by this interpretation are as limitless as the imagination or the ambitions of nations may desire." Mr. Borah said: "We sign this treaty with the distinct understanding, so expressed by the Secretary of State, that we will exercise the right of self-defense according to our judgment and according to our discretion." He conceded that adherence to the treaty, in

the light of the British note, "is a recognition of the right of the British Government to construe the doctrine of self-defense to apply to any territory which she conceives it to be necessary to apply it to for protection."

Generally, he said, "we have got to leave it to each signatory of the treaty to determine for itself what is self-defense. It may construe the treaty out of all reason and there is none to censure it except the public opinion of the world. I know of no way to curtail that right."

Small wonder that, after these concessions, Senator Bruce thought the language of the Pact, independent of any interpretations which have been placed upon it by any foreign countries, or by Mr. Kellogg, was broad enough to include both defensive and offensive warfare. Senator Walsh of Massachusetts thought "the Pact itself is nothing more than a statement of principle"; Senator Fess said that while he would vote for it, he had never believed it was a guaranty against war; and Senator Glass thought it was not worth a postage-stamp in the direction of accomplishing permanent international peace! The range of discussion developed such differences of opinion as to its effects, that Senator Bingham said that never in his experience in the Senate had there been such violent differences of opinion with regard to two brief paragraphs as there were with regard to Articles 1 and 2 of this treaty; and Senator Reed, of Missouri, asserted that no two Senators had exactly the same views touching it. As a matter of fact, the votes necessary for its ratification could not be procured until a report of the Committee on Foreign Relations was submitted to the Senate and spread upon its records, which emphasized the Senate's understanding that "the right of self-defense is in no way curtailed or impaired by the terms or conditions of the treaty." "Each nation," the report declared, "is free, at all times and regardless of the treaty provisions, to defend itself and is the sole judge of what constitutes the right of self-defense and the necessity and extent of the same."

Sir Austen Chamberlain, in asserting the claim of the British Government to prevent interference with "certain regions" where it claimed vital interests, had shrewdly remarked: "The Government of the United States have comparable interests any disregard of which by a foreign power they have declared that they would regard as an unfriendly act. His Majesty's Government believe, therefore, that in defining their position they are expressing the intention and meaning of the United States Government."

The executive department of the United States Government said nothing in reply to challenge the accuracy of this belief and the Report of the Senate Committee confirmed it by saying: "The United States regards the Monroe Doctrine as a part of its national security and defense. Under the right of self-defense allowed by the treaty must necessarily be included the right to maintain the Monroe Doctrine, which is a part of our system of national defense." The report quotes from the writings of Presidents Monroe and Cleveland and of Sena-

tor Elihu Root and Professor Theodore Woolsey to sustain this position.

Mr. Root, in the address from which the quotation in the Senate Committee report was taken, speaks of the doctrine as "the *policy* which Monroe declared." The reservations adopted by the United States Senate in ratifying the Hague Conventions of 1907 referred to it as the "traditional *policy*" of the United States.

In another passage in the same address Mr. Root said: "The scope of its policy is strictly limited: It concerns itself only with the occupation of territory in the New World to the subversion or exclusion of a pre-existing American Government."

This is in line with Professor Woolsey's quoted statement: "Third, it called no new rights into being, therefore, whenever it oversteps the principle of self-defense reasonably interpreted, the right disappears and the policy is questionable because it then violates the rights of others."

Giving to the Monroe policy the full meaning ascribed by these authoritative definitions, it appears therefore that only in the event of an actual or threatened military invasion of the territory of the United States, or the actual or threatened occupation of the territory of an American power by a non-American power, could the United States on the plea of self-defense under the Monroe Doctrine, rightly ignore the provisions of the Pact of Paris and resort to war against an alleged aggressor state. As to every other possible subject of controversy with another nation, whatever its nature, we are bound by the Pact to seek a solution only by peaceful means. War, as an instrument in carrying out any national policy whatever—Monroe policy or any other—is forever renounced.

However, this is not the view adopted by the Senate in the discussion over the naval cruiser bill, which was taken up immediately after the vote on the Pact of Paris. That bill avowedly was passed with a view to its effect upon Great Britain. Senator Borah himself declared that the burden of every argument about cruisers is this—"England has more than we have." Senator Walsh, of Montana, said, "It is perfectly evident that the construction of the cruisers contemplated by the bill under consideration looks to a war, primarily with Great Britain, secondarily, with Japan." Senator Moses, with frank cynicism, expressed the opinion that we should be stronger in a conference with England on naval disarmament if the bill were passed than without it. He expressed a preference to be in such a conference "with blue chips," rather than with blueprints. Thus does a prominent legislator jest with the factors of world peace! The bill itself contains a provision to the effect that in the event of an international agreement for the further limitation of naval armaments to which the United States is a party, the President may suspend in whole or in part the construction authorized by the bill.

The arguments that seemed to carry most weight in the discussion were that Great Britain has more cruisers than we have; that we should have a navy second to none; that we were extending our Merchant Marine and that we needed more

warships to protect it. While it was not specified against what nation we needed such protection, the inescapable implication was directed to Great Britain. So the suggestion that the measure was intended as a "blue chip" in an international game of poker has a more substantial foundation than the mere rhetorical outburst of an individual Senator.

Yet, Mr. John W. Davis, former Ambassador to Great Britain, in a current article says, "It may well be doubted whether the fundamental relations between any nations in close and constant contact have ever been more satisfactory than those now existing between the United States on the one hand and Great Britain and the British Commonwealth of Nations on the other."

If at such a moment, and hard upon the heels of a treaty explicitly renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, our Congress enthusiastically enacts a bill providing for the building of fifteen great cruisers of the most modern type, under the pretext of their being needed for national defense, how can one still hold to the belief that peace is more secure under democracies than under kings?

"War," wrote Shelley, "is the Statesman's game, the priest's delight, the lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade." More succinctly, General Sherman characterized it as Hell. He spoke in the simple days when as yet war had not become the scientific method of wholesale slaughter it was on the eve of becoming at the close of the world conflict in November 1918 and which chemists and soldiers tell us the next war would be. Writing of this, Winston Churchill says in "The Aftermath": "Certain somber facts emerge, solid, inexorable, like the shapes of mountains from drifting mist. It is established that hence forward whole populations will take part in war, all doing their utmost, all subjected to the fury of the enemy. It is established that nations who believe their life is at stake will not be restrained from using any means to secure their existence. It is probable—nay, certain—that among the means which will next time be at their disposal will be agencies and processes of destruction wholesale, unlimited and perhaps once launched, uncontrollable." It is in the light of such possibilities as these that Lord Grey said there is no Statesman to-day, there is no thoughtful citizen who does not know that another war would not only further weaken civilization, it would destroy it. It was the general recognition of this fact that brought the nations to accept the Pact of Paris. The nations of Europe have maintained peace through the ten troubled years since the armistice by the League of Nations. Fear and suspicion indeed have hung over Europe, as President Hoover remarks. But throughout the decade, the nations associated under the Covenant of the League have lived by the vision of peace through international coöperation which brought the League into being, they have perfected its processes through the Permanent Court of International Justice and brought the first real sense of security even to the most sensitive of the peoples who suffered in the war, by the treaties of Locarno.

From all this the Government of

the United States has held aloof. There has been no moment of the ten years when the coöperation of the American Government would not have been welcomed with outstretched arms by the members of the League. And when at last, the suggestion by the French Government of a treaty with America to renounce war and agree to settle by peaceful methods only, all questions which might arise between the two Governments, was met with Secretary Kellogg's suggestion that this be extended to embrace all the nations of the earth, a Pentecostal light seemed to dawn upon Europe and the promise of a new and war-free epoch dazzled her tired and waiting eyes. That it came from America made it seem even more beautiful. Europe had hoped against hope for the day when America, the strong, the prosperous, the unbroken-by-war nation should again come to help secure the peace she had helped to win. And now she came with a pledge of universal peace, with a covenant to banish forever the hideous nightmare of war. Shall American statesmanship belie the promise thus made in our country's name? May God forbid that we who held forth to a war-worn, suffering world this promise of a new day should be the first to discover a lack of faith in its meaning, to declare that we still hold to the old law of force and that our new pact is but the expression of a pious hope. The Kellogg Treaty embodies not only the hope, but the determination of the American people. It is the finest expression of their idealism, of their passionate desire to dedicate the heart and the power of the nation to securing the peace of the world.

The people know, if politicians do not, that no navy can be constructed strong enough to make us secure against any combination of enemy powers. As Philip Kerr truly said in a recent address, "No nation can make its own vital interest secure by means of armaments except by making the vital interest of its neighbors insecure." Hence, to start great navy building means to provoke rival building in other powers and a competition that inevitably must end in war.

On the other hand, competition in making effective the peace agencies of the world means the rapid education of statesmen and legislators to think in terms of peace and to regard peace as not only normal but inevitable. Senator Borah has said that the effect of the Paris Pact is a solemn pledge to let all the peace machinery work; that with war delegalized the League of Nations would be free "to concentrate upon its constructive and beneficent functions." As Stanley Baldwin recently pointed out, we are trying to find some moral equivalent to war. To this end we may well heed his injunction to neglect nothing that will make us more fit for the ascent to higher spiritual levels—"the controlling of our own passions, and what is more difficult, the curbing of our own tongues." The loose talk of legislators may do more harm to the cause of international peace than the indiscretions of chancellors, or the impatience of kings. The remedy lies in the quiet determination of the mass of the peace-loving populations of the world to abide by the letter and the spirit of the Peace treaty and to visit with signal

political destruction those of their representatives who would minimize its import or disregard its solemn promises.

Cynical thought still proclaims that man is a fighting animal; that the law of existence is strife; that nations always have waged and ever will wage war against each other when self-interest decrees. Over against this creed are set the higher instincts of a better civilization. Out of the baser character of earlier days there is slowly evolving a philosophy which sees in the preservation of life and the development of the soul of man a greater gain than can be realized by mutual and competitive destruction of human life. After centuries of blindness the practical value of the teachings of Christ is breaking upon the minds of men. "Withered is the garland of the war." By love and not by hate is the soul of man developed to its greatest possibilities. And if we make it real, a law unto our footsteps, and not a mere text for purposes of ornament, the Pact of Paris may, nay must, rank as the greatest act in the history of these United States.

MANHATTAN

City of Towers

ANNE LLOYD

Once with a Quaker grace Manhattan spread
  In low relief her contours on the sky—
Brick and stone molded with restraint that fed
  Abundantly the dull accustomed eye;
Yet here and there the accent of a spire
  Shattered monotony, urged us, and gave
Our vision zeal for altitude, for fire
  Of pinnacle—the climax of the cave.

Then men dreamed summits . . . almost overnight
  Tradition fell confounded, and in flame
New roofs were blazoned at prodigious height,
  Lending a lofty luster to a name—
And now we Lilliputians wander far
  Through steel stalagmites thrusting to a star.

Christine's Last Party

The Perfection of Her Plan

Vincent Sheean

The whole house smelled faintly of flowers—not oppressively, not with brutal insistence, but as if spring had swept in through the long French windows to attend the departure of Christine. There were a great many of the less funereal blossoms arranged loosely around the entrance to the small drawing-room where Christine lay in state. The large room itself was not burdened with the scented things. It wore its usual cheerful quiet like a pledge that life would go on in the same general way there, as Christine's indomitable spirit had planned it since the first days of the house thirty years ago. Indeed, but for that faint echoing of scents, the large room had nothing unusual about it; it was filled with people as before, displaying the same perceptible, if subdued, consciousness of importance. For nobody could escape that feeling of the importance of the act in coming to Christine's house; she was so Napoleonic in her disposition of the battalions that one knew one's exact mathematical significance the moment the door was passed. Either it was important for the guest to be asked to Christine's house, or it was important to Christine to achieve the guest's presence. In either case there was no more spontaneity in the arrangement than there was in the conduct of Austerlitz.

Mrs. Aldwych owned to a heavy heart as she surrendered her coat and went upstairs. She had not actually been fond of Christine (she had decidedly never been fond of Christine) but no small interest was being removed from her life at Christine's departure. One felt about Christine as one might feel about a great public monument—something one had seen constructed with difficulty over a period of years, only to be leveled at last by the ineluctable earthquake to a heap of dust and ashes. It had always been a matter of breathless interest to see what Christine would do next (at times, she remembered, people had even made bets on it). Whether it was that Venetian ball, with the house entirely recreated by Veronese through the ouija board, or a cotillion with priceless favors, or a cluster of bewildered royalties on display—always Christine could be depended upon to outdo herself, to be more Christine than ever before. If it was a particularly musical season, the house burgeoned in quartets, quintets, soprani and virtuosi; if the tone of the time was literary, Christine provided everything from poets to columnists and back again. Yet never had she surrendered to these

concomitant delights: they were—like her furniture, her wines, and her servants—the machinery by which she progressed toward perfection and triumph. For there was an esthetic integrity in Christine's character, Mrs. Aldwych reflected, just as there is an esthetic integrity in great generalship: in her life everything composed, everything led up to final achievement. Step by step it could be analyzed, that career, a noble pyramid: with masterly precision it had been constructed from a base as solid and broad and sound as the great stones of Cheops in the convenient desert. In Christine's case the base of the pyramid had been progressively dignified and forgotten in the splendor of the structure it supported. The base was, of course, money (what other base indeed, Mrs. Aldwych inquired of high heaven, could be found for building?); yet as the cone ascended it aspired, and its upper reaches lost their hardness in the clouds. This was indeed so true that people could be found (younger people, of course, always younger people) who said that with or without money, Christine would have conquered.

Mrs. Aldwych did not belong to this school of thought. In the first place, she was sixty years of age and had observed every move in the long and laborious engineering operation which had constituted Christine's career. Mrs. Aldwych had spent the first eight years of this period in avoiding even the formula of introduction to the woman who now lay dead in the small drawing-room. For the next ten years Mrs. Aldwych had been chiefly concerned with avoiding any encouragement to her. During this period, invitations from Christine's secretary had been automatically refused by Mrs. Aldwych's secretary as often as they arrived. This era had ended ten years before: Mrs. Aldwych no longer had a secretary, no longer refused many invitations (the War, she held, had made *such* a difference), and was now entering the large room as a guest—for one was always a guest in that house, she thought, and never a friend—as a guest at Christine's funeral.

Almost before she crossed the threshold Mrs. Aldwych became aware that everything was right—everything was as Christine would have had it, regimented and perfect. So far as the eye could see—which, in Mrs. Aldwych's case, was about half-way across the room—the guests were of exemplary distinction and correctness, chosen entirely from that latter section of Christine's life when no door (or scarcely any door) had been closed to her. The friends of the last years—Mrs. Aldwych supposed they might be called that—or the rewards of labor, depending on the point of view. Into this room, which was not, after all, so inconceivably vast, had been distilled the fine attar of wealth and power. It was what Christine would have called a "very good list." Mrs. Aldwych's mind was busy with the problem of this list: who had, in the silence of Christine's selective genius, combined such a bouquet? Certainly not Edward, whose interest in these matters had always been lamentably deficient. Certainly not the girls—nitwits all, unworthy offspring of such a mother. And certainly not the secretary. No secretary could have ex-

ercised this subtlety; no secretary could know the exactness of this perfection.

Suddenly Mrs. Aldwych perceived the truth—just as Edward, worn and slightly irritated, bore down upon her. The truth—so obviously true as to need no proof—filled her veins with its firm flood of life. Ah, how perfect, how magnificent, was Christine! It was for moments like these that one treasured her, that one endured her most trying manifestations. She had made her own list for the funeral. Last exercise of her genius, it had defeated time; the dead woman in the small drawing-room had assembled these people by command to do her homage. In a sort of ecstasy Mrs. Aldwych searched the faces she could see, identified and catalogued them. Ah, perfection! Not one "interesting" person—not a single poet or soprano or politician, not one of those objects which Christine had been wont to sprinkle over her preparatory parties as an inducement and an excuse. Here, for once, Christine herself was the sole center of the world of her house. Not a person was there to mar the flawlessness of this list, superb and impregnable in its grandeur. Never before—not once, not even once in thirty years—had this house seen such a collection of the sovereigns of a civilization. True—Mrs. Aldwych realized it too well—such a list would have produced at an ordinary dinner-party something approaching the maximum dullness of which human society is capable. But for a funeral, how ideal, how ideal!

All of its meaning surrounded her like the scent of the flowers. The youngest girl had still to come out. What an advantage to her to have seen under her own roof all of the gods to whom she must bow! And who else, who else in the whole country—and on what occasion—could have gathered this parliament together? When one remembered Christine's arrival, all unfinished and unchastened as she was in those days, with her fortune and her bad manners and her extraordinary grammar, consumed as she was by ambition and inexperience—when one remembered this, was it possible to say that such a life had not been beautiful?

"Edward," said Mrs. Aldwych, "my dear?" What could one say to the poor man? He looked exactly as he always did at Christine's parties—rather tired, irritated, anxious, worried at the insecurity of shirt-studs and the necessity of politeness. "It's so awful for—for all of us," she muttered, hoping that the words would reach him in a tremor of sound which he would not try to take apart. "Shall we be seeing you again soon? Are you going away for a while?"

"Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram hasn't arrived yet," said Edward, his brows slightly troubled. "I'm going abroad for a few months, with the girls. But we'll keep everything as it was. Just as it was. Amy comes out next year, you know. There won't be any changes."

My God! said Mrs. Aldwych to herself. My God! She was not much given to such exclamations, but the spectacle of Edward in this mood was one to provoke astonishment. He seemed to have inherited (to have inherited in three days' time, insensi-

bly but with perfect definition) the rôle and the investiture of Christine. His slightly troubled expression was due not to the usual worries, but to the non-arrival of Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram; and he was thinking, even now, of the fact that Amy was to come out next year.

Well, why not? Mrs. Aldwych's sense of the grandeur of the dead woman in the small drawing-room grew sharper still. Why not? So he would offer incense to Christine; so he would complete her work and revere her essence. Without the slightest doubt Christine had planned it all. There she lay in triumph, while life flowed into the patterns she had made for it around her. So Edward would complete her, and so Amy, and so would they all complete her, so that she was in her genius like a sea drinking up the rivers, and her life could no more cease with death than the sea's life could end with the tide. It was outrageous, Mrs. Aldwych felt, that any human being should be so undefeatable. However much one might admire this supremacy, it violated all one's convictions about free will and decency and self-respect. She would not, she resolved, be in the receiving line when Amy came out. Not that she had anything against Amy—a nice girl, though a nitwit; she was simply determined not to yield to Christine. And yet, as she resolved it, she knew that she was like the river resolving not to flow into the sea. If Christine had planned it, it would happen, and there was an end. What wastes might have been reclaimed, she thought, what mighty wrongs righted, if this gift for organization had been bestowed upon somebody with a little more brains than Christine. For Christine had genius, but no brains: here was her life in flower, in fruit—a very good list.

And then all this about Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram. Her presence would not, indeed, add much to the goodness of the very good list: she was an old lady, she seldom went out any more, and she no longer meant to this generation (this undisciplined generation which, as Mrs. Aldwych maintained, had sprung into being at the end of the war) what she had meant twenty years ago. But there was no doubt that to Christine, Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram represented something of a finer, rarer flavor than any of the other items on this very good list. In fact, Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram had never set foot in Christine's house, nor had Christine once been inside the mid-Victorian portals of the Wilbram house. Not even for the visiting king who had slept under Christine's roof had Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram stirred. No luxury of inducement had ever caused her to recognize, by more than the most casual bow in other people's salons, the existence of the conquering Christine. Thus, Mrs. Aldwych reasoned, old Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram had been endowed with special significance in the eyes of Christine, and it was no doubt due to some parting admonition of the dead woman in the small drawing-room that Edward now wandered in a busy, directed fashion from group to group, seeking the absent guest. There was indeed no reason, no reason whatever, to suppose that Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram would come to Christine's funeral. She had never come to any other of Christine's parties. And yet this was,

it must be owned, a gathering of a more overwhelming nature than any Christine had hitherto accomplished, and on those few occasions when Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram went anywhere, it was invariably in this precise company.

For Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram was (even Mrs. Aldwych admitted this, in spite of a lingering sense of rivalry and defeat) a very *grande dame*. She actually dressed the part, and was not afraid of a lace cap and diamonds. That she could do this at all in a period so thoroughly unsuitable was clear evidence of her independence of character, although the length of her neck and nose, the whiteness of her hair, and the instructed stiffness of her carriage may have had some influence in the matter. Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram's portraits by all the better-known bad painters of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries hung in museums on both sides of the Atlantic. Her name, like her vast brownstone house, expressed an epoch and a culture. From the moment Christine had come out of the West, this rampart of the past had opposed her: a brownstone rampart it was, and no longer impressive to the young, but it had never ceased to resist the assaults of Christine. With rising excitement Mrs. Aldwych reviewed the situation; was it possible, was it at all possible, that Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram would come to Christine's funeral? The conviction grew upon her that Christine had so planned it, and that it would be so; in some obscure way not yet apparent, the last citadel was to be stormed—by some trick, by some ruse, some surprise attack—so that the better general would in the end be victor. Mrs. Aldwych's exultation at this thought was completely impersonal. She had no desire to see Christine win, but she felt an artist's delight at the structure of preparation. It seemed to her that every list Christine had ever made was but a studied prelude to this best and last. Mrs. Aldwych could remember with gratifying distinctness almost every one of those preliminary lists. For the first few years her own name had not, even in a Pickwickian sense, figured upon them. And later, although her name had been written (and even, as she still recalled with some vestige of irritation, had reached the newspapers) she had for years never entered this house. And yet during all that time she had known perfectly well all about Christine.

How many Christines there had been in thirty years! The first, the almost legendary Christine from the West, in a reseda dress with diamonds and ostrich feathers, talking with a disregard for rule which had made her famous (French words she would use, and long English ones, all twisted askew in her dauntless, untaught mouth). The second, the Christine from Paris; that had been, in one sense, the most splendid Christine of all—wounded, defiant, and beautiful, Christine at forty, dresses by Paquin, thumb to the nose. But this was too romantic to last (and besides, Mrs. Aldwych considered, that phase was as carefully studied as all the rest: it aroused curiosity, and no woman could have been so violently international as Christine was then unless she proposed an ultimate conquest of the natives). The third (there were in-

deed intermediate stages, but Mrs. Aldwych liked to make her classifications as simple as possible) was Christine from London, correct, severe and magnificent, with just as many diamonds as ever, but in a ducal rather than a bonanza arrangement. This Christine was well-bred, with that fearful intensity of breeding which comes of a rebirth at forty; this Christine spoke English with embarrassing perfection, French like one of the older actresses at the Comédie Française. Christine from London was not Mrs. Aldwych's favorite. In this Christine, had appeared for the first time the unmistakable signs of greatness, the premonition of conquest. It was clear henceforward, to those who had eyes for seeing, that Christine could not be defeated.

How these successive Christines had merged and softened and glowed into a new life in the past six or eight years—had combined to create the final and supreme Christine—was a phenomenon Mrs. Aldwych never tired of contemplating. The final Christine was no less relentless, in her heart of hearts, than any of her predecessors. But she had achieved a ripeness and repose, a comprehensive and comprehensible mammalian character, which none of her earlier forms had possessed. Mrs. Aldwych could remember many occasions upon which the final Christine had been noticeably kind without thought of recompense. And above all, as that growing legion of Christine's defenders always said, she executed her functions as wife and mother impeccably. Even though Edward might have wished to "retire" (to give up, that is, pretending an interest in affairs which had long since ceased to occupy him) she kept him, for his own good, in harness. Similarly she prevented her eldest daughter's projected marriage to an unsuitable young man (some sort of vague fellow without adequate foundation or identity) and had the satisfaction of witnessing, instead, a sensible wedding to the right sort of man (not so young, this one, as the other, but far more definite). Christine had never failed of her duty to Edward or the girls; she had always known exactly what was right for them, and they had always "done it." Many of the women who had once closed their doors to Christine were persuaded to admit her at last by the evidences of this wifely and motherly devotion, more particularly as the marching years brought her new reinforcements of dignity, of grace, and of assurance. Indeed, the Christine of the very final period had verged perceptibly on the *genre* Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram, without ever committing the vulgarity of imitation: Christine from the West, Christine from Paris, Christine from London, were gone forever, and the very young would remember her, Mrs. Aldwych supposed, only as a dignified and charming old lady.

"I don't believe," said Edward, "that Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram is coming. We have waited long enough, don't you think?" He appeared to be asking for counsel—wavering, it seemed to Mrs. Aldwych, not so much between two courses of action as between two conflicting interpretations of Christine's will. Edward had never before be-

trayed an interest in Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram or in any of the other personages who inhabited Christine's Olympus. "Shouldn't we go on?" he appealed.

He was rather an heroic figure, Mrs. Aldwych decided, as he stood there, pink and nearly seventy, worried over the burning deck from which certainly all but he had fled. What in God's name, she wanted to shout at him, what in God's name does it matter to you whether Mrs. Wilbram comes or not? But you're a grand little man, she thought, surrendering to the pathos of him: you'll deliver the despatches—*Vive l'Empereur!*—even though you don't in the least understand what you are doing. Forty years of discipline and an inexplicable affection, that's what constituted him: he expressed Christine, the indomitable Christine in the small drawing-room yonder, who would be carried out and away in a moment—was even now being lifted from the flowers—he expressed her and continued her, as they all expressed and continued her in this house, so that her life was no more over now than it had been thirty years ago, or than it would ever be. You're a grand little man, Mrs. Aldwych thought, with a mysterious excitement trembling in her, and perhaps that's the secret: perhaps we all have to be fulfilled like that, in somebody else, a chain that doesn't end at all, a list that is never quite complete.

"I don't think you need wait for Mrs. Wilbram," she said.

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But he was not waiting. They filed out behind Christine and many flowers; they drove in motor-cars through the streets to the church, and everywhere people halted to watch them pass, as if they were going to a coronation. Admission to the church was by card, but photographers had stationed themselves on the pavement, which even Christine could not govern, and they would all be in the newspapers in the morning. How awful it was, Mrs. Aldwych thought now (she was still trembling with this mysterious excitement) how awful for Christine that Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram had not come, after all. It had seemed unimportant in the house, but here it assumed a public significance—that public significance which had always attached to Christine's doings. How could it not be so? It was Christine's final list, and it ought to be faultless—faultless enough to serve her daughters for years to come, to perpetuate a whole world.

Then even this anxiety was swept away, and Mrs. Aldwych was content. She saw again the perfection of Christine's plan, more perfect now than ever; it all became clear to her. Christine had won. Whether Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram came or not, Christine had won now, because this last list was in itself completion. What was absent was not so much missing as excluded, and if Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram did not come it would be Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram's loss. For once, for just this once, Christine had builded well enough to crush resistance, and not even Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram could afford not to be present at Christine's funeral.

As this truth was revealed to her Mrs. Aldwych looked up and saw Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram advancing up the aisle. In she came, then, at last,

conscious of the meaning of her coming—tall and thin and old, making amends. She had been photographed, no doubt. For once she was on Christine's list. Nobody could doubt it now, and Christine's life—now, only now, at this moment, while Mrs. Bartlett Wilbram walked up the aisle to take her appointed place, and the organ moaned, and the flowers strove to send their scents through the dark vaulted church—Christine's life was over.

Mrs. Aldwych trembled no more. Her excitement was gone. She felt cold and old and gray. Death was here, she thought, just here; this was what it came to, Christine victorious and dead. She wanted to go home, to her own house, where there were no flowers and no organ, and sleep quietly for a long time.

THE LITTLE CHRIST

ELIZABETH NEWPORT HEPBURN

To see you, painted by those mighty men
  Whose magic still outlasts the cynic years,
One might suppose you always sad, a lad
  Shadowed by grief and tears.

For rarely do they smile, those haloed Christs,
  While Mary has a look of lonely pain;
The shepherds too seem sorrowful, as though
  Their King were born in vain.

Yet you were fair and young in old Judea,
  You knew the sharp delight of wind and sun,
And boyish games to play, and sleep at night
  When play and work were done.

Your little world was big with mortal joys;
  You loved your mother's oval olive face,
Her voice, her laugh, the arms that held you close
  In passionate embrace.

And how you loved the silly stumbling lambs,
  And John, the eager boy beside you there,
Who helped you find bright blossoms in the spring
  To bind in Mary's hair!

Science and Spiritual Perspective

A New Philosophy

George D. Birkhoff

Professor of Mathematics at Harvard

The spiritual orientation of man is necessarily dependent upon his intellectual outlook. In all earlier times, however, the situation was entirely different from that of our own period. What was known, or thought to be known, or felt to be dramatically acceptable, was extended by analogy to the unknown, and made to furnish a conventional code having universal application. To be sure, powerful minds managed to free themselves from the fetters so imposed, but adverse circumstances arose so frequently as to prevent their influence from becoming dominant, except perhaps in the single limited case of ancient Greek civilization.

In Western Europe since the Renaissance, conditions have been such as to produce an unparalleled intellectual development. Knowledge—theoretical, practical, and applied—has steadily increased, with a corresponding improvement in human welfare. The inevitable effect of the new knowledge upon the general intellectual outlook has come about only slowly, for it has been difficult to realize its implications. Although during the last hundred years the scientific attitude has won wide acceptance, yet only to-day are we facing the modification in our point of view which it entails.

Many thoughtful persons feel that there has been an attendant loss of spiritual confidence. To them the world stands revealed as an infinitely elaborate and remorseless mechanism, indifferent to values, and they are inclined to look back with longing to the old dogmatic finalities.

Is there really such a spiritual loss? The answer to this supremely important question must necessarily be derived from the broad interpretative survey of the vast field of scientific knowledge; for only in this way can we hope to discern its transcendent significance. Nearly twenty-five hundred years ago the Greek philosopher and mathematician Pythagoras conjectured that "all things are numbers." His bold affirmation was based upon a slight knowledge of the heavenly bodies, of the regular geometric solids, and of the stretched musical string. Yet all physical science since his day has attested the truth of his magnificent generalization, by establishing the universality of numerical law. By adopting the Pythagorean outlook and applying it to our own incon-

ceivably more extensive body of knowledge, we too may hope to obtain new enlightenment as to what science suggests.

Historical and philosophical considerations indicate clearly that knowledge arranges itself naturally in a kind of hierarchy having five levels: the mathematical, physical, biological, psychological and social levels. Each of these has its own characteristic system of concepts, laws, and complete terminology. The most important basic ideas at the various levels may be listed tentatively: *Mathematical*—class, relation, inference, abstraction. *Physical*—space-time, matter, electricity, uniformity. *Biological*—organism, stimulus, function, evolution. *Psychological*—sensation, memory, will, idea. *Social*—personality, freedom, value, ideal.

As far as active thought is concerned, each of these levels is largely independent of the others. That is to say, the mathematician deals with the purely abstract, the physicist thinks in physical terms, and so on. A fundamental classification of the levels may be made according as this active thought contains no explicit reference to mind or involves such a reference. In this sense the mathematical and physical levels are *objective*, since there is no reference made to mind. The psychological and social levels are *subjective* for the opposite reason. The biological level is clearly of an intermediate type.

What level is the most fundamental or "real" for us? The proper answer is, I think, the following. Any level appears to be the most real if we insist upon starting from it and holding fast to it thereafter as primary in our thinking. If we stress solely the mathematical level in this way, we are "absolute realists"; if the physical, "materialists"; if the biological, "detailed naturalists"; if the psychological, "positivists"; and if the social, "ethical idealists."

Now each level presents a fundamental and distinctive aspect of reality. It would seem to be rash and perhaps meaningless to regard one of these levels as more real than the others. To be sure, professional philosophers have always occupied themselves in this direction, but their gossamer-like speculations are rather insubstantial for most of us. On the other hand the whole-hearted acceptance of all knowledge as equally valid and real, no matter of what type it may be, is a kind of naïve realism which is in agreement with the demands of common sense. It is from such an outlook that we may best consider the successive levels of thought and arrive at the general conclusions which we are seeking.

The remarkable beauty and extraordinary diversity of modern mathematics are not generally realized, although it is likely that its profoundly artistic qualities will be more widely enjoyed as time goes on, in much the same way as those of music are to-day. However, nearly every one understands number with its arithmetical laws, and geometry as logically developed by Euclid. Moreover, imaginary numbers and four-dimensional geometry have been given a place in our vocabulary if nothing more. In virtue of this background, mathematics would appear at first sight to be definable as the

science that deals with number and geometrical form.

In consequence of the recent deepening of the logical foundations of mathematical thought, this characterization is now considered to be quite misleading. Mathematics is regarded to-day as the science which deals with the logical patterns called "abstractions." Not only geometrical entities such as points, lines, planes and so forth, and numbers such as the integers one, two, three, and so on, but a host of other ideal objects of abstract thought and their interrelations, fall within the mathematical province. Mathematics is not concerned with the significance of the underlying intuitions, nor with applications at the other levels, but only with the architectonic elaboration of the complete logical pattern.

Euclid's work on geometry may be considered to be the first instance of the adequate formulation of an abstraction. He selected as fundamental certain undefined elements such as points, lines and planes; he selected in the same way certain simple undefined relations, such as that a point lies on a line and so on; and then, on the basis of a few simple intuitions or postulates, and a series of logical inferences, he constructed the abstraction which we call Euclidean geometry.

Of course Euclid thought of geometry as the perfect expression of spatial law. Since the advent of the theory of relativity, however, the geometry of Euclid is taken as an abstract system which has an important application to spatial measurement, but which probably does not exactly correspond to physical reality.

With the increasing development of our knowledge at the different levels, interesting and elaborate logical patterns are sure to present themselves. At the physical level, to which we turn next, this mathematical stage has been fully reached; at the biological level the signs are many that it is fast approaching; but the psychological and social levels are more complicated in their essential structure, and our knowledge of them has scarcely reached the point where any but the simplest patterns have been found.

The essential significance of the abstraction from the philosophic point of view is usually forgotten. An abstraction is important because it corresponds to natural concepts and intuitions and not because these admit of logical elaboration. For example, by considering heat phenomena we are led inevitably to the concepts of temperature and quantity of heat, and to the intuition that heat flows from hot to cold bodies. On this basis Fourier deduced the beautiful abstraction known as the analytic theory of heat. Such intuitive ideas are to be found at the biological, psychological and social levels as well as at the physical level. Is not the concept of justice, for instance, as real for us as that of heat, even if not susceptible of simple formulation and mathematical treatment? It was Plato who first saw the value of the essential nuclear ideas, which underlie active thought at all the levels.

The physicist, chemist and astronomer are alike occupied with thought at the physical level. Here too there has been an unprecedented advance.

The astronomer has discovered the unimaginable extent of the myriad stars in interstellar space, and the incredible intervals of time by which their evolution must be gaged. In this sublime immensity no especial significance seems to attach to our solar system, since these other stars are much like our sun and many of them may well possess planetary systems which serve as the abode of some form of life.

The physicist and chemist have been led to focus attention upon the antipodal problems presented by the indefinitely small, and have determined many of the laws of atomic structure. To the degree that their fascinating search is successful, we shall find that all other physical laws can be explained as the statistical result of interatomic action. The laws of stellar evolution in particular seem to be deducible only by means of what we know about the atom.

It will be recalled that the hypothesis of atomic structure to account for the observed laws of chemical combination was put forward by Dalton near the beginning of the nineteenth century. According to his theory each chemical element corresponds to a definite indivisible type of atom. Later it was found that the atomic hypothesis also accounted admirably for the behavior of solids, liquids and gases under varying conditions of temperature and pressure. But of more fundamental importance in throwing light upon atomic structure were the arrangement of the elements according to their physical properties by Mendelyeev, which revealed conclusively that they form a periodic family, and the researches of Faraday on the conduction of electricity through electrolytic solutions, according to which a certain quantity of electricity accompanies the atoms of various elements in their migration through the solution.

A series of more recent investigations by Sir J. J. Thomson and others, in which an electrical current was made to pass through a rarefied gas, led to the conclusion that the atom must consist of a relatively heavy proton carrying a number of units of positive electricity, and an equal number of much lighter electrons, each carrying a single unit of negative electricity. In the normal state the proton and its attached electrons unite to form the electrically neutral atom. The amazing facts of radioactivity fitted in perfectly with this theory of electrical structure.

It was the quantum theory of Planck, however, which ushered in the present remarkable era of physical speculation. His point of view was necessitated by the peculiar laws of atomic excitation which were found to hold. According to this theory, the state of vibration of an excited electron can only change as it gains or loses energy in discrete units called quanta. But light is known to be a wave of electrical disturbance, attributable to such a loss in the energy of vibration of the mobile electrons in the excited condition. Thus the spectrum of light emitted from a particular type of atom gives precise information as to the states of vibration of the electrons. It is the great array of spectroscopic facts which is looked upon as furnishing the key to an analysis

of atomic structure. In particular the spectra of the various elements have confirmed remarkably the conclusion that they have a common genesis, and that their arrangement in the family of elements depends upon the number of attached electrons, while their atomic mass seems to be always an exact multiple of the mass of the hydrogen atom.

Thus the knowledge of atomic structure has reached an extraordinarily fascinating stage, in which physicists and chemists feel that the essential facts are almost within their grasp. One highly mathematical theory after another is being advanced in an effort to reach the goal.

What especially enhances the general interest in present-day physics is that while in other fields scientific advances appear generally as a reasonable extension of simpler facts which are known from everyday experience, it is quite otherwise at the physical level. Here we have been driven step by step to abandon nearly every familiar concept in order to account theoretically for the phenomena observed.

Yet I must confess to a feeling of doubt that any final solution of the problem of ultimate atomic structure is near at hand, despite my unbounded admiration for what has been already accomplished.

In the first place the greatest physical theories hitherto arrived at have accounted only for a partial aspect of what has been observed. For example, Newton's theory of gravitation explained the vastly intricate details of the motion of the heavenly bodies and the action of the tides. Since the law was universal in its form, it was expected by some physicists that it would provide the explanation of still other facts. But such has not proved to be the case. Likewise Einstein's theory of gravitation goes further than that of Newton by accounting for a slight observed discrepancy in the motion of the planet Mercury and by predicting two further slight new effects which have been found to exist. But neither this profound theory nor its later modifications have been of any further theoretical service. Of course what has made these theories of Einstein of such outstanding general interest is the new outlook which they provide upon space and time, according to which space and time are inextricably mixed together in a four-dimensional fluidic space-time.

Consequently it appears that all physical theories thus far discovered offer more or less fundamental and more or less exact explanations of limited groups of facts, but do not provide any unitary final explanation.

We may compare if we will, our bits of knowledge to luminous threads which we wind into a compact luminescent ball. By skilful arrangement of the threads there begins to appear in the center of this ball a bright vision of concepts and laws. If now we add further irrelevant threads, the vision is obscured; and if we unwind the thread in an effort to approach the vision more intimately, it becomes more and more faint, and finally disappears.

In the shining ball of physical knowledge to-day the vision of atomic structure involves many logi-

cal patterns, some apparently incompatible with others in certain respects, and yet all of value as means of partial coördination. There is as yet no indication whatever that the vision will be found to reduce to a single purely logical pattern, although that is the goal which physical theorists are seeking.

My second reason for believing that this goal is far from realization may be stated as follows. Up to the present time the physicist, chemist and astronomer have not tried to account for the phenomenon of life in its physical manifestations. In fact all biological possibilities are eliminated at the outset, since it is part of the accepted laboratory technique to reduce matter to complete inorganic uniformity. Now I believe that there will always remain some faint vestigial trace of the biological possibilities, notwithstanding such uniformization. If not, it would be necessary to accept a purely mechanistic theory of life. But mathematical consideration of purely mechanical systems shows that they inevitably exhibit a wearisome recurrence or tend toward a static condition. A vibrating pendulum illustrates this deep truth. However the very nature of all life and of organic evolution is the antithesis of such recurrence or approach to a static condition. Consequently the atomic structures must hold some trace of the biological possibilities, as Sir J. C. Bose has told us. If then the physicist does arrive at what promises to be a satisfactory mathematical explanation of atomic laws, more delicate experiment will certainly reveal light discrepancies due to this trace.

It may be that present-day physics is nearing the realization of some such fact as this. Heisenberg's recent "principle of uncertainty" seems to indicate something of the sort. According to this principle there is an unpredictable factor in certain physical situations when the law of uniformity or causation positively fails; this seems to happen for instance when a particle of radiation and an electron collide, for, as A. H. Compton has discovered, the direction of rebound is indeterminate—at least in the sense that we do not at present know how to determine it.

Thus in passing to the consideration of biological knowledge, we may legitimately cast aside the mechanistic hypothesis at the outset. But in so doing it is necessary to emphasize an important truth: Even though the central meaning of a practical fact is found at one level, it produces reverberations at all of the other levels. For instance a ball is tossed into the air. To the mathematician there would be suggested a sphere in geometrical space; to the physicist, a rigid body acted upon by known forces due to the earth's gravitation and the resistance of the air, which determine its motion; the biologist might regard the act as a special type of functioning called play in one of the higher organisms; the psychologist would analyze the happening as a series of visual sensations giving rise to certain tactual and motor associations, and to the idea of the falling ball; the social theorist might comment on the social value of the type of play involved.

The importance of this law of reverberation is very great, and its

true significance has to be made clear. An illustration will do this best. Communication between individuals is a phenomenon at the social level. It may be accomplished by means of writing, which is a physical act. Every idea of the individual is then correlated with definite physical marks of writing, and yet he would be extremely rash who tried to establish that the marks were the essential item, and to explain the communication itself by a discussion of the written symbols. Moreover, if the act of writing be prevented by merely physical means, thoughts cannot be communicated in this manner. Here then is an illustration of a social phenomenon with a reverberation at the physical level, and of the dominant rôle which such reverberation may play.

In general the reverberations are most important which fall at the levels immediately adjoining the primary level. We may anticipate then that biological facts will in general be associated with corresponding reverberations at the physical level, and that this correspondence may present a parallelism likely to be mistaken for complete mechanistic explanation.

The immediate impression gathered at the biological level is that even a unicellular organism is vastly more complex than any molecule. In order to understand such an organism it is necessary to think in the appropriate terms of stimulus and function. What can be accomplished at present is mainly descriptive. If one turns for instance to the Mendelian theory of heredity, the basic concept is that of heritable characters embodied in certain hypothetical genes. The corresponding phenomena at the physical level, involving microscopically visible chromosomes, gametes and so on, yield a partial explanation of the mechanistic type referred to.

The biological revelations of the microscope are not essentially different from the facts observed in ordinary experience, which acquaint us with many of the fundamental facts of growth, reproduction and heredity in some of the higher organisms. It is only natural that the lower organisms are found to be of similar type in these and other aspects.

When we think about biological facts, it is always the dimly discerned law of organic evolution with its principles of mutation and adaptation that seems to take us furthest from the domain of direct observation, and to be most deeply significant. We have as yet only glanced at the title page of its marvelous drama, and are not even certain that man is one of its chief *dramatis personæ*.

It seems reasonable to conjecture the existence of biological reverberations at the psychological level. Perhaps it is just because the biologists so far have not isolated the rudimentary psychological factors which must be present in the lowest organisms that deeper progress has not been made. If indeed there are no such reverberations, we should avoid such misleading terminology as stimulus and function, which are so suggestive of sensation and purpose in the organism.

Recent advances in psychological thought have been most illuminating, although, now that we are

aware of them, they are seen to be what might have been expected. The close correspondence between physiological conditions and the psychological state of the individual has been revealed. Furthermore it has been established in detail that mental activity is in general associated with motor and other physical manifestations of the organism. This type of reverberation at the physical level has led to the psychological point of view called behaviorism.

The stream of consciousness has been analyzed by the method of introspection and has been shown to be the scene of continual conflicts and adjustments between various desires, motives and ideas, some lying mainly in the domain of the subconscious. Thus the properly integrated individual appears as achieving a kind of dynamical equilibrium between opposing forces, themselves of an elementary type. The technique of diagnosis of pathological states of disintegration, and of their treatment by the method of enlightenment, has reached an advanced stage, due in large part to the work of Freud. The definite localization in the brain of the physical seat of various kinds of mental activity yields an extremely important physical counterpart to such a psychological picture, and throws fundamental light on all psychological phenomena.

The social level deals with the interrelation of individual personalities with respect to their legitimate freedom, their achievement of various values, and the ideals which they pursue. Questions of esthetic values have their place here. Sociological questions, such as that of crime and its proper punishment, are of similar type, for our answer to them depends upon our concept of the freedom of the individual and of the social ideal called justice. Religious questions too are social in the broadest sense: God appears as either Highest Personality or else as Totality of Personality. In fact the social level gives rise to a multitude of concepts and intuitions which are appreciated by nearly every one as being of vital importance and which are employed constantly in everyday living.

The effort of scientific thought in this extensive domain has been directed toward broad comparative studies of social phenomena. In this way we have come to understand the common underlying bases of society, from the most primitive to the most advanced. The presence everywhere of codified custom and belief as the instruments for the conscious or unconscious accomplishment of the primary social ends has been established.

The evolutionary approach to social phenomena is of interest but may be given a deceptive turn. When, for instance, the origin of sympathetic emotion is attributed to the fact that sympathy is a gregarious quality which has favored the survival of man in his evolutionary development, it must not be forgotten that this is a reverberation of a social phenomenon at the biological level, and nothing else.

Likewise it is necessary to guard against a false inference from the great variety of ethical and religious codes, to the effect that a stable basis for conduct and ideals is not

necessary. The history of the human race shows just the contrary to be true. The proper modification induced by the scientific attitude is merely that the accepted codes ought to be framed so as to be in consonance with existing knowledge and insight, social and otherwise.

How then are we to formulate the suggestions to which this rapid survey has led us? The conclusions and beliefs to which I am led run somewhat as follows:

Knowledge is hierarchical; mathematical, physical, biological, psychological and social. The original Pythagorean vision that "all things are numbers" is to be interpreted to-day in the broader sense that logical patterns as such make up the mathematical level and that at the other levels such patterns are universally observed. The logical elaboration of these patterns seems to diminish with the successive levels, due to the incompleteness of our knowledge, but the vigor and significance of the basic intuitions are not thereby impaired.

No practical fact belongs solely to one level of thought although its primary interpretation may fall there, for there are always reverberations, particularly at the adjoining levels, which are of the highest importance. This truth suggests the underlying unity of the nature-mind spectrum of knowledge, and that facts must be interpreted from the standpoints of all the levels if they are to be thoroughly understood.

Evolutionary, psychological and social considerations suggest that the intimacy and vitality of the connection between the individual and society far transcends the obvious. This doctrine of the essential unity of all personality is nearly allied to the Pythagorean doctrine of the close kinship of all living beings; it is of interest to remark in this connection that studies of the higher apes indicate the cardinal importance of confidence and affection in working with them. On the negative side this doctrine accounts for the deteriorating effect of antisocial behavior upon an individual; and on the positive side it accounts for the unusual personal development that goes with proper appreciation of social realities. I believe that much of our Western social and intellectual development is the direct or indirect consequence of the fact that Christian idealism has been fundamentally cognizant of this underlying unity.

Furthermore, the solution of the ethical problems presented by pain, frustration and evil would seem to lie in the same direction. Just because the domain of personality is essentially unitary, these problems must be its concern forever, and must somehow be solved by means of the powers inherent in it. Our ability to develop the values of life without unexpected frustration lies almost entirely in the resources of knowledge with its manifold methods of manipulative control; the development of wireless communication is a small indication of the extent to which this control can be carried. Some day our scientific insight into personality may so increase as to enable us to do what seems utterly impossible and accomplish the necessary rectifications.

Similarly this doctrine of the Oneness of Personality yields an indica-

tion of the appropriate answer to the question of immortality: Personality in its ordered arrangement is only personality because it is differentiated and active. To deny immortality to personality as a whole is to negate the whole social level. But if personality persists as a whole, its deep inner unity will not allow any constituent part to disappear. Of course such an answer as this in no way indicates the *modus operandi* of immortality, which is doubtless beyond our present ability to understand.

The highest ideals would seem to proceed from the unreserved adoption of the scientific attitude, not in the exclusive sense of any one level, but with a deep appreciation of the whole nature-mind spectrum of knowledge, and in particular of the vital interrelations and deep importance of the domain of personality. Too often scientific thought has overlooked this latter truth, of which intuitive religious thought is constantly aware. It was to keep intact the values of the religious outlook that many great scientists have kept to beliefs that are apparently unscientific. The great mathematical physicist Maxwell declared frankly that any other outlook seemed to him "unworkable," and thus justified pragmatically his orthodox religious position.

There is a further great underlying religious truth whose import has not yet been grasped fully by many scientifically minded persons: the whole hearted and unreserved acceptance of some formulated code of values and ideals, which transcends immediate self-interest and to which our vital energies can be devoted, forms the essential ingredient of individual salvation in the only genuinely important sense. Unhappy indeed is he who lives without a code of this kind. The scientific attitude should enable us to choose our personal code with increased enlightenment.

In this sense there is no spiritual loss attendant upon the unreserved adoption of the scientific attitude, unless it be the loss of placidity to him who would dream. On the contrary, there is gained an infinitely larger vision of the whole, a growth in ideals, and a deep realization that we are part of a world whose dramatic qualities and evolutionary possibilities in all directions are beyond our powers to fathom.

The Paradise of the Working-Man

From the Tyranny of Money-Power to the Tyranny of Man-Power

Annie Osborn

I have watched the evolution of conditions for working people in Australia from chaos into such a highly organized system that there are laws which compel employers to allow "down tools" from five to fifteen minutes before official closing time, in order to allow employees to make themselves presentable for the street; to give a ten-minute "smoke-oh" in mid-morning and mid-afternoon; and to permit one man in a gang to stop work at the noon hour, ten to twenty minutes before his fellows, so that he can brew the tea, without which no Australian can exist comfortably for two hours at a stretch.

Every last detail is regulated by enactment, because master and man are playing a never-ending game of tug of war, and not one inch is conceded on either side without a protracted and bitter fight in the court, which is known (somewhat ironically) as the Court of Arbitration and Conciliation. But if the workingman is arbitrary in his demands that his leisure hours shall be actual leisure and not times for recovery from the day's toil, who is to blame? The fifteen minutes given to the oil-covered mechanic to take a bath at his employer's expense, may seem a trifle strong; but there is another side to this story. One of the bitterest of industrial fights arose through coal-miners being expected to walk from the pit's mouth to the point of duty on their own time, and to return to the pit's mouth after the day's time had been filled in. That may have been all right when the men had a short distance to go; but when it came to a journey of two hours' duration from point to point, what then? Were those four hours of underground walking to be accounted employer's time or employees'? Who will be so bold as to say where the Golden Rule should begin or end in such a case, or to call the workers "red-raggers" or Bolshevists for demanding that the capitalist, who is not deprived of God's healing sunlight the livelong day, should recompense the underground toiler for this dreary jaunt?

The first revolutionary movement in industry I recollect was the resentment against wives being compelled to add to the family income. I well remember as a child, being fascinated by watching queues of women outside a shirt-factory near my school, carrying huge bundles of working-men's shirts which they had "finished" at their homes in order to eke out the family income. The "Song of the Shirt" had a real

meaning in those days for such poor creatures. They had to provide their own needles, thread and buttons, they called for and delivered their work, and they were paid fourpence (eight cents) per dozen for making all buttonholes, sewing on all buttons and doing the various bits of "finishing" to the machine-run garments. That is a far cry from to-day, when cottage industries are virtually unknown, and when many of us have done our best to revive an interest in them in order to save able-bodied women from the last misery of having nothing to occupy their time profitably. But who would have such a system of sweating back?

When leaders of the working class realized how great an evil this overworking and sweating of women had become, they made a determined stand. They declared that man was the breadwinner and must be paid enough to keep his home. The first great battle was won when in a time of depression the edict went forth for the dismissal of all married women in the employ of the Government. This raised a great outcry and entailed much individual distress; but it established the principle that man was the recognized breadwinner. It is possible that such a principle, tenaciously adhered to ever since by Australian working-men, has had much to do with our continued real home life, even in the big cities. Only on rare occasions do we see the married woman working in any capacity; and this condition finds its reflex in the advancement of the Australians and the phenomenon of the emptying of our gaols, despite the fact that we have not yet come to prohibition.

A natural corollary to the emancipation of women from wage slavery was the resentment against child-labor. We are to-day in the proud position of almost complete ignorance of child-labor, except on dairy farms where the dairy-man enlists the aid of his growing family, or, in the cities, where newsboys sell papers. Education is "free, secular and compulsory" until a child is fourteen years of age; and a permit must be obtained for any child to be employed in any factory before he is sixteen. We are a nation of child-lovers. The Australian soldiers were known in Europe as the men who loved children and flowers, and perhaps this national characteristic has had much to do with the shaping of national policies.

The next stride in the onward march of the working-man was the enunciation of the principle of "One man one job." It was declared to be wrong for employers to underpay their men on the theory that the workers would add to their income after hours by taking on part-time jobs. This, of course, was a scheme resorted to mainly by the ambitious and impecunious man who wanted to build up a drooping business; but the workers advanced the theory that if a business could not pay a living wage it was not worth bolstering up, and every unionist was called on to adhere to this doctrine. Industry survived the disappearance of some petty employers, and the working-men were infinitely better off for their departure, because they were mainly of the unscrupulous variety. To-day many men do supplement their incomes by additional

work at night or over the long week-ends, and unionism is sane enough to recognize that exceptional circumstances call for exceptional treatment; but this "one man one job" clause is a vital principle in their system of ethics which nobody who loves his fellow-men would wish to see upset.

The abolition of cottage industries and of child-labor drove much work into factories; the "one man one job" principle forced the demand for higher wages. Along with this naturally came the insistence upon efficiency; but while employers for many years clamored for increased labor efficiency, they tried hard to hold on to the old system of apprenticeship as a method of obtaining cheaper labor. But organized labor was now in such a strong position that it could dictate to the employer regarding the abuses of the apprenticeship system, with the result that the system itself is all but abolished. The old days when a girl was bound for three years to dressmaker or milliner, for example, the first year for nothing, the second for sixty cents a week, the third for a dollar twenty-five a week, have vanished forever. Those same days saw boys similarly apprenticed to master craftsmen for three, four or five years, during which they were almost completely dependent on their parents. Nowadays unionism dictates that there shall be only one apprentice to every four or five skilled workers, and a good wage is paid to the boy for the services he renders while learning his trade.

The abuses commonly practised by the employers of thirty or more years ago have right-about-faced, and the present generation of employers finds itself hampered on every side by the cast-iron rules of the workers. No employer dares engage "free labor"—non-unionists. But every trade has its religiously guarded roll of members on its union books; and the leaders know so well how to manipulate the law of averages that there is never a chance of a surplusage of skilled labor on the market—it is as hard to get into the ranks of unionism as it is for a social climber to get into one of the exclusive clubs. There is always a lengthy waiting list of would-be members, but the "ins" keep the "outs" out until the sons of members and other relatives and friends have been admitted, and even these are not admitted if there is a risk of flooding the labor market. Here we have one of our unsolved problems. The insistence on restricting apprenticeship to skilled trades opens wide the doors to what we call "blind alley" employments. These are the chance openings for unskilled workers in their early teens—always grasped at by bewildered parents—which pay comparatively good wages but which have no future. Thus we have far too large a body of unskilled workers who depend upon seasonal trades or chance openings for a livelihood. This is the problem to be solved, if possible, by the leaders of to-morrow. To-day it is insoluble as things stand.

With increasing wages, and ever-improving conditions of work, came the demand for a decrease in the hours of labor. The old principle involved in the slogan "8, 8, 8,"—that is, "eight hours of labor, eight

hours of recreation, eight hours of sleep"—which once marked the great advance from unlimited hours of work, is now as antiquated as long frocks on girls or chivalrous manners in men. Working-men in Australia have wrested from the courts the right to call forty hours a week's work, and the time is fast approaching when five days will constitute a working week, throughout the Commonwealth. Who is to be held responsible for the new doctrine that there shall be a day of recreation as well as a day of rest each week for the worker?

With the institution of the Saturday half-holiday, years ago, came a problem for employers, especially those who operated great furnaces. They declared that it did not pay them to get up steam for a four-hour day, and so they distributed those four hours over the five full working-days, and closed down their plants all day Saturday. The released workers found this a brilliant idea. They enjoyed their day's pleasure, especially those who regarded Sunday as a day of rest or worship. They had a full day's leisure in which to do as they pleased. Our climate, which enables us to live out of doors at least nine months of the year, makes of us a sports-loving nation. So the "man of leisure" on Saturday was able to take his ease in the morning and go early to his games in the afternoon. Naturally his less fortunate fellow-worker envied him and sought relief from the Saturday's burden. But who began the trouble?

Employers did not see much to object to, at first, if the forty-eight hours of work could be compressed into a five-day week; and here and there they began to concede the demands for a full day's rest on Saturday, even while they talked about the "sport-mad" workers. But appetite so often grows by what it feeds on, and it was not long before there was talk about "fatigue poisons" and the inevitable "slowing down" of the over-tired worker. Late afternoon production did not measure up to early morning output, and then employers began to grumble that they were not getting their money's worth. While masters made this complaint, union leaders pointed out that men could produce as much good work in eight hours of concentrated effort as in nine and a half hours of intermittent toil, and they made their case sound plausible enough to bring about the forty hour week in a great many industries—so now forty-four hours are regarded as arduous, and the goal aimed at is thirty-six, although we still hear the euphonism of "8, 8, 8."

So true is it that there is nothing new under the sun that the Australian working-class leaders improve on the ancient Sibylline oracle's demand of the same price for less. As surely as a demand for shorter hours comes before the Arbitration Court, it is accompanied by as insistent a demand for higher wages.

First of all came the happy idea of the standardization of wages to enable the unskilled worker to evolve and maintain his own standard of living. This is one of the romances of our working-class organization which seems to be almost unknown to the older world. Men consulted

together and decided what would be the irreducible minimum for a family to live on, to enjoy life and maintain the decencies. Finally it was decided that it would be a fatal blunder to reckon the basic wage upon the individual's needs, for then it would be a case of "No married man need apply." Statistics showed that the average Australian family consisted of a man, his wife, and three children of the dependent age. So they worked out how much it would cost five people—two adults and three children—to live in working-class comfort, and made their demands accordingly. It proved to be about twenty-one dollars. (It must be borne in mind that living—especially in foodstuffs—is far cheaper in Australia than in America.) Then came a snarl to untangle. If it cost twenty-one dollars, or thereabouts, for five people to live, what about the single man? Could industry be compelled to pay him the keep of five people when he had only himself to maintain?

Sophistry came into play. The basic wage was to be an adult wage, irrespective of how the worker was to spend his earnings. It was of no concern to the employer what a man did in private life. It was a national need that men should marry young and bring a large and never failing supply of "Australia's best immigrants" into the world, and how was this desirable condition of affairs to be brought about unless the young adult had money enough to enable him to save for a home and his marriage? Thus the basic wage, originally fixed for five people, became the compulsory minimum wage for every male after reaching the age of twenty-one.

It would be idle to deny that this basic wage has been a prime factor in the evolution of two wholly desirable phases of life of which we are justly proud. Most mature workers own their homes, or rather, are buying their homes on a very liberal instalment plan sponsored by the government savings-banks, by which, on a low rental basis they become sole owners in thirty-one and a half years. The other phase is the great number of savings accounts in these banks.

But from the basic-wage scheme, which was designed by the sponsors to eliminate poverty, came unexpected and devastating consequences. Where every lad of voting age found himself with money in abundance with which to do as he pleased, the middle-aged man with a family that numbered more than three dependents began to feel the pinch of the rising cost of living—for industry swiftly passed on to the consumer the added costs of production, and the very people who were the most reliable and efficient, because of their moral obligations, became the ones most desperately affected by the great prosperity of the younger and unencumbered men under the dead level of incomes that could not rise. The basic wage for the youth of twenty-one did not always hasten his marriage; rather it taught him habits of spending and of self-indulgence that postponed the day when he would have to practise self-denial by sharing that basic wage with another. His easy spending once again raised the cost of living, and thus was created a vicious circle

in which many are still confined with no apparent way out.

The care-free existence of the unburdened youth made the overtaxed man of maturer years most resentful, and his financial obligations sent him to his leaders demanding some relief. Here began the headaches for the basic-wage promulgators. Nobody could or would dare to suggest that a reversion of the basic wage to the one person basis, should be made, that the single man should receive the wage necessary for one, and that upon this bed-rock there should be a superimposed structure to meet the necessities of the family man. It came once more to the dreaded possibility of "No married man need apply." Some way of escape from the difficulty had to be found. The basic wage agreed upon as the irreducible minimum for a family of five persons (taking into account the agreed standard of living) had to be accepted as the bed-rock for the adult. Trade unionism had become so strong a power in the land that it was able to declare that "Might Is Right," "What We Have We'll Hold," and so on, and the nation at large knew precisely where it stood. It was prepared for the reception of the latest demand: Motherhood Endowment, a measure which has already caused much heart-burning in Australia and will yet cause more.

Motherhood Endowment is so called because the originators of the scheme realized that the first impressions upon the public mind must be favorable, that the idea must appeal to the sympathies and to a sense of chivalry. The scheme was not to endow mothers, but to place in their hands a certain amount of money for the keep of each dependent child. The fathers were not to touch this money; this to avoid the charge that it would merely give the workingman more for drinking or gambling and that the children would be not one penny better off. It seemed a delightful scheme to bring abundant funds into the workers' homes, and it found enthusiastic supporters in plenty.

New South Wales, the chief advocate in such legislative schemes, undertook the pioneering work for this movement. But the leaders had to remember that if they did not *ca' canny* they would eject every man with children from industry; and so they planned that employers, once more, as in the case of the basic wage, should not be permitted to discriminate between employees. Thus it was fixed that employers should be compelled to pay one half the cost of the project into Government coffers, and the Government would find the other half, which was to come from general taxation. Then Government officials were to pay the money at stated intervals direct to the mothers. This scheme almost got through in the premier State; but it caused such devastation in industrial circles that it was called off, later to be carried into the Federal arena. At the eleventh hour the labor leaders discovered that the compulsory carrying out of the plan would drive every manufacturer over the borders into the neighboring States where there was no such enactment, and New South Wales would in consequence be left bankrupt. Now the scheme is on the platform of the Federal Labor Party and may at some time reach

the Federal House of Representatives.

With so much gained, and with the strength of the whole people behind them, it would almost seem as if leaders of the working classes should prepare to consolidate their gains and look forward to the day when profit-sharing would become a national ideal. But it is safe to say that there never was a time when the leaders of Australian Labor were more clamorous regarding "class consciousness," or more anxious to foment trouble between master and man. They say everywhere that "Jack is as good as his master if not a good deal better," and wherever any attempt is made to bridge the gulf between capital and labor the diatribes are loud and bitter. Our present Prime Minister, Stanley Melbourne Bruce, is an ideal leader, one who has been trained to believe that public service is the highest type of service—a typical product of our splendid "public schools," that is, public schools in the English sense, where boys are taught the art of living and the importance of being men, as well as book knowledge. He is a dry-goods importer, a wealthy man of high repute. Some years ago he declared that he was going to conduct his business on a profit-sharing basis. If he had announced that he was going to beat his employees down to starvation wages, the labor and socialistic press could not have heaped more opprobrium on him. His employees were warned that they would be "scabs"—and to the Australian there can be no more terrible indictment. And Bruce, at that time a well-respected member of Parliament, had to suffer incredible reproaches from agitators for bribing his employees into being contented with their lot in life! Contentment is to the extremists the crowning evil, and they take care that there shall be very little of it in our industrial life.

It is absurd for them to make their extravagant claims of being "wage slaves" and a "down-trodden proletariat" under such ideal conditions, but we have a never-failing crop of talkers who try to persuade the rank and file of their injustices. A few years ago a young woman belonging to a world-renowned family of agitators arrived on our shores and married a man who has done much to disturb our serenity. After she had been married a short while she created a profound sensation by declaring that one of the worst sins of which a Communist could be capable was to bring wage-slaves into the world. If the supply of wage-slaves were cut off, the capitalists would have to go to work themselves. She announced that she was, unfortunately, about to become a mother, but she had decided that she would be true to her principles and refuse to add to the man-wealth of the exploiters of civilization. If she gave birth to her child, and then killed it, the capitalist law would exact her life as a penalty; but there was as yet no law which said a woman must not refuse to bring a living baby into the world, and so she had decided to kill her unborn child and still be "within the law." She would take all the risks of abortion to prove the sincerity of her beliefs. This pronouncement was the gossip of the week; but other sensations cast it

into the discard, and for some time she was forgotten. Then interest was revived by the news that she had given birth to a living child.

Some time afterward—a year or two—I met her again. She then had two children, and was one of the most devoted of mothers. She had given up her pose of belonging to the "great unwashed," and had made herself as decent-looking as her mother's daughter should have done. She had one healthy child—and one that had paid the penalty for her presumably attempted misdeeds. Mother love had evidently come to birth full-grown with the needs of her helpless baby, and she became a model protector of the potential "wage slaves" of which in her crass ignorance she had talked so glibly.

We have a number of such agitators but they do little damage to any but themselves. A far more dangerous enemy to our peace is the "walking delegate." If he is dissatisfied with any detail, he has the power to insist upon improvements or to call the men from the job until what he considers a wrong is put right. He has almost unlimited powers, and can wage a relentless warfare against his enemies. One such case came under my observation, which also incidentally serves to show how strikes are stage-managed in Australia, and why the workers yield to the dictates of the tyrants who rule them.

A foreman in a large fellmongery was the youngest of five brothers. Four had gone to the war, the fifth had been persuaded by his parents that it was his duty to remain by them in their old age. As a result he suffered all manner of scornful mockery, but was so manifestly manly that he came through with no real loss of reputation. He was within a fortnight of his marriage when a walking delegate told him to put on his coat and to order his men to do likewise—there was going to be a strike. He asked what the bother was, and was told that that was no business of his, his duty was to do as he was bid. He resisted. He explained that his firm could not be fairer or more reasonable. He had not a complaint to make against them, nor had his men. Unless he was shown the reason for the strike, and that it was necessary to help less fortunate men to obtain their just rights, he would neither put on his own coat nor order his men to do so. Since the walking delegate would give no reason for his orders, he finally left the room, cursing the obdurate foreman and vowing a vengeance that would make him sorry for his obstinacy.

Later the foreman discovered that the walking delegate had had a quarrel, a personal one, with a foreman in a neighboring fellmongery, and in revenge had decided to call a strike and thus throw the whole industry into confusion, and teach that foreman a lesson. Since he was unable to compel the second man to "down tools" he had to give up his plan, and the threatened strike died before it was born. But—in a week or so, the loyal foreman's employers sent for him and told him they were very sorry to have to give him notice to quit, but he had apparently come into conflict with union officialdom, and they had received an ultimatum that the obnoxious foreman must go

or the men would be called out. They told him they resented such outside domination, but as they could not risk a strike at such a busy season of the year—they had to bow to the inevitable. Their loyal foreman walked out with feelings that can be better imagined than described.

Since, however, he was a thoroughly skilled workman with an unblemished record, he did not take his discharge too seriously. He was sure he would soon find employment. But he was bitterly disillusioned. Wherever he went he was told that he was on "the black list," and nobody dared hire him. He turned to other fields of labor—for Australians are versatile—but only to find that the power of his enemy was supreme. His marriage had been postponed, and he soon saw his savings dwindling ominously with every fruitless passing week.

He had been thus seeking work for more than nine months when his case was brought to my attention by an acquaintance, who told me he feared that the man in his despondency would commit suicide, as another had just done in a spectacular way when similarly discharged. I told his story to the proprietor of a daily newspaper, who generously found work for him; and I afterward learned that he was as faithful and efficient a workman as could be desired. His letter of grateful thanks to me was as poignant a human document as I have ever read.

Another unmoral rule of unionism which must be fought at some time or other is the "go slow" order which, in its inception, was believed to be essential to prevent the most efficient men from setting a standard which would inevitably mean the discharge of the slowest and least satisfactory. This care for the underdog has now gone to such lengths that the *standard* for the unionist is the pace at which the slowest can work; and regulations are so carefully drawn that I have heard men complain that it is harder to regulate their movements in order not to do more than the specified amount of work in a day than it would be to do twice the quantity.

I have tried to explain enough of Trade Unionism's grip upon our country to show how we have passed from the tyranny of money-power into the tyranny of man-power in little more than a generation, and how this tyranny is the serpent which threatens our continued paradisiacal existence. Those who love this land dread lest the day may come when the serpent will end their occupancy of Eden and that, when the deluded victims repent and wish to retrace their steps, they will find the angel with the flaming sword standing in the way.

Gettysburg

Edgar Lee Masters

Amid the hush of the distant hills which house
The sleeping meadows, oak-leaves loose and fall
Across the sunlight, and along the rhythmical
Wash of the air upon this shore of boughs.

Leaves drift around the bronzes; but over the grass
Of the field where Pickett's men defied
The grape-shot, cannon, and who died,
The shadows of October's clouds repass.

No shouts arise from the vanished garrisons;
No sound is here of wounded man or steed;
Meade stares at Lee, and Lee at Meade
Across a mile of pasture, eyed in bronze,

Where flies the solitary crow. Beyond
The spires of Gettysburg the skies implore;
And near the cattle graze, and grackles soar
Where the air is tranced as by a wizard's wand,

Till now it is a suspended mood whose gleam
Is like an invisible crystal which enspheres
The souls it veils, who with Elysian ears
List the far voice of undiscovered dream.

This stillness is the indifference of the sky,
The tranquil Muses behind the mountains hid,
Who suffer the Fate's beginning, nor forbid,
Nor ask the battle, nor mourn the tragedy.

Still they are brooding in their fanes afar;
And now they stir the oak-leaves with their breath,
Saying there is no life, neither is death,
Nor victors, nor defeated, nor fame, nor war;

But only music at last out of the dreams of these
As the one reality which overtones the mime,
The landscape, nations, races, even time,
Quiring eternal Nature whose heart is peace.

The Doctor's Medicine Kit

How Its Equipment Has Changed

Bessie Bunzel

Since the beginning of the nineteenth century the doctor has had three different sets of instruments in his medicine kit. In the early years his main tools were not very much better than those used by Hippocrates. Then came the golden age of medicine, when, thick and fast, discoveries came that within a few decades brought about a greater improvement in the treatment and cure of disease than had come to pass in the entire two thousand years preceding. Out of the advance in laboratory technique grew a complete new medical equipment; invaluable diagnostic apparatus and precise methods of procedure raised medicine from the practice of magic to the rank of a science. At present, a highly significant trend in medical thinking—interest in the latest psychological knowledge—bids fair to make medicine even more than in the past, an art as well as a science, and to give the doctor a third set of implements for use in the conquest of disease.

Dr. Osler in one of his brilliant essays, eloquently points out that in a little more than a century the medical profession, "working in many lands, has done more for the race than has ever before been accomplished by any other body of men. So great have been these gifts that we have almost lost our appreciation of them. Vaccination, sanitation, anesthesia, antiseptic surgery, the new science of bacteriology, and the new art in therapeutics have effected a revolution in our civilization to which can be compared only the extraordinary progress in the mechanical arts." In order to realize vividly just what is implied in these few sentences, it is necessary to turn back and recall the methods and practices at the disposal of even the wisest doctor only fifty years ago. Immediately there arises in our minds Sir Luke Fildes's picture, that stock adornment of the doctor's waiting-room of our childhood, depicting the kindly gray-haired physician hovering solicitously over the sick child's bedside; and so human is the appeal the silly, sentimental old picture makes, that in spite of our sophistication, we find ourselves asking instinctively, "Did the child live?"

At all events, our imagery remains fixed and we think in terms of the benevolent old-fashioned practitioner warding off death, usually by the light of a dim candle aided by the sheer force of his powerful personality. Sympathy, common sense, human understanding and experience

took the place of to-day's scientific medical knowledge. The man knew his patients through and through and followed with interest their progress from the cradle to the grave. His understanding of human relationships gave him insight into their hopes and fears, their sorrows and tribulations, their adjustments to family and community. He was willing to devote unlimited time to their needs, to listen with infinite patience to their complaints and, consequently, was able to offer a solution of their problems based on a sympathetic comprehension of the perplexing situations that confronted them.

Even though this portrait remains indelibly etched upon our memories, there was, however, a negative side to the picture. All too often, the odds were against the physician and he fought a losing battle. Typhoid fever, diphtheria, infant diarrhea, smallpox and tuberculosis, to mention only a few of the everyday scourges, mowed down his flock while he stood devotedly but helplessly by.

In most cases the old-time practitioner's knowledge of medicine was acquired in the apprenticeship fashion—through studying with an older and established physician. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, according to Dr. Osler, there were only three medical schools in the United States and only two general hospitals. Students who desired a better education than they could receive locally, were forced to go abroad. There were only a very few medical journals in circulation in this country and almost no American medical books had been published. Around the middle of the century, many new medical schools were founded, but their standards were low and the education they gave was poor. The reformation started in Harvard shortly after President Eliot assumed office in 1869 and quickly spread to the other medical schools of the country, stirring them all to new life and activity. We have now eighty medical schools, 4322 general hospitals, and a medical literature so rich and voluminous as to be embarrassing.

Less than half a century ago, the office suite of a doctor consisted of a waiting-room and a consultation-room, and there were few outward signs to distinguish the one from the other. Dr. Abraham Flexner graphically describes the consultation-room with its "ancient tilting hair-cloth examining chair, the wash-basin never empty, with its pitcher never clean, the roller towel renewed at long intervals, a few simple instruments which, used for all sorts of purposes, were never boiled, two or three vials containing mercury or carbolic acid for local applications, and the mantelpiece strewn with proprietary preparations in dust-covered bottles." Obviously the doctor lacked many of what we now consider the most rudimentary appliances; he did not even have a stethoscope to aid in diagnosis until early in the nineteenth century.

Imagine the practice of medicine without any instrument for examining the internal organs of the body—and it was only about a hundred years ago that Laënnec and Auenbrugger discovered the art of auscultation and percussion, whereby

changes in the normal sounds within the chest could be studied and various abnormalities of the heart and lungs recognized—and without the clinical thermometer, which first came into general use after the Civil War! Microscopic work at the beginning of the period was of the most elementary kind, but steadily became more and more refined. X-ray and fluoroscopic work by means of which it is possible to photograph and to see the interior of the human body were, of course, unknown. In contrast, the modern doctor can, in his office, make blood cultures, examine urine, sputum, gastric contents, the spinal fluid, test renal function and the basal metabolism rate and use for other diagnostic purposes a great variety of delicate and complicated apparatus.

In addition to these advances in technique, the three tremendous contributions of the age to suffering humanity were the science of bacteriology, which gave knowledge whereby epidemic diseases might be controlled; the introduction of anesthetics, which made surgery a field of ever-widening scope to be used other than as a last desperate resource; and the adoption of antiseptic methods in the treatment of wounds, which cut down to a small proportion the ghastly mortality characteristic of hospital wards of an earlier date. When we think of medicine without all these commonplace adjuncts, we marvel not that the old-time doctor sometimes fumbled, but that he achieved anything like the success he did; for in spite of his handicaps, long experience and native shrewdness carried the best of the old family physician far, and in many respects we may well lament his passing.

This progress which we have sketched in so lightly was due mainly to improvements in methods of investigation and diagnosis, to new advances in chemistry and physics, to a more serious study of physiology and anatomy, and above all, to the new interest in experimental laboratory work with its application of scientific method to the observation and recording of disease. And the value of the last cannot be overestimated. The human organism is so complicated that medicine, if it is to deal with it successfully, requires the coördination of various lines of scientific research. The chemist, the bacteriologist, the physicist, the biologist, the anthropologist and the psychologist—each has his contribution to make to the study of disease; and it was to the first-named of these that we owe our modern conception of the ætiology of infectious disease.

Louis Pasteur first unlocked the gateway into a vast unknown territory when, in 1857, he sent a paper on "Lactic Acid Fermentation" to the Lille Scientific Society and followed it up later in the year with one on alcoholic fermentation. These and subsequent studies convinced Pasteur that the changes he had witnessed in milk, wine and beer fermentations were undoubtedly similar in character to those occurring in the human body during the suppurative diseases. So impressed was he with this analogy that he assured the Emperor (Napoleon III) that his whole ambition was to arrive at the knowledge of the causes of putrid

and contagious diseases. The records are open; so this is not the place to discuss how his work disposed forever of the tenaciously held belief in the spontaneous generation of disease or to describe even the high spots in the long series of brilliant experiments whereby he did much to fulfil the hope he had confided to his emperor. Suffice it to say, that he brought within the range of scientific law, disease processes which had hitherto baffled human ingenuity.

Before we consider the application of Pasteur's principles to wound infection, we must mention the other factor which played an equally important rôle in the development of surgery. One of medicine's most dramatic moments undoubtedly occurred in the Massachusetts General Hospital on October 16, 1846 when in the face of the skeptical onlookers and Dr. Warren, the operating surgeon, Dr. William T. G. Morton, a dentist, by means of ether inhalation first produced a state of general anesthesia in a patient. The following year an English surgeon, Dr. James Young Simpson, discovered the anesthetic effects of chloroform and its usefulness in obstetrical work. Bitter beyond belief was the vituperation that followed from those who thought such procedure unwarranted interference with the workings of Divine Providence, that had decreed suffering in childbirth as a punishment for woman's primal sin. But Simpson answered his critics in their own language saying that "my opponents forget the twenty-first verse of the second chapter of Genesis; it is the record of the first surgical operation ever performed, and that text proves that the Maker of the universe, before he took the rib from Adam's side for the creation of Eve, caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam." And by degrees, the tumult and the shouting died away; in a short time the use of anesthetics in surgery became an established routine. By doing away with the intolerable pain that had inevitably accompanied operations in the past, the surgeon was no longer compelled to finish his task within a few minutes, but could now work with greater deliberation and accuracy; shock also to a large extent was eliminated.

Up to this time, blood-poisoning had so frequently followed surgical intervention that even when the operation itself was successful, the resultant mortality had been so heavy that only in the greatest emergency did the surgeon venture to interfere. The researches of Pasteur, however, showing that wound infection was due not to the septic quality of the atmosphere or its inherent composition, but to the action of the minute organisms suspended within it, led logically to the next great step in medical progress—the application of this principle to surgery. Joseph Lister, greatly impressed by these findings, after much experimentation reached the conclusion that, without excluding the air from a wound, infection might be averted by using some germicide as a dressing. Osler dates the rise of modern surgery from the publication of Lister's original paper in the "Lancet" and goes on to say that the whole subject of wound infection, not only in relation to surgical diseases, but to childbirth fever, forms one of the most brilliant chapters in the history of preventive medicine.

Growing out of the discoveries of asepsis and anesthesia, marvels have been performed in plastic, orthopædic, abdominal, thoracic and brain surgery; and with a good chance of success, surgeons now undertake to treat conditions formerly beyond hope.

A few years later, Robert Koch devised a new technique for studying disease when he completely isolated —for the first time—the living cause of a specific disease. Not only did he discover a number of different micro-organisms and their constancy of behavior, but he was able to grow them in pure cultures outside of the body. After he had perfected this method, discoveries fell into his lap like ripe fruit, as Koch himself remarks. His early work on anthrax, wound infection and the tuberculosis bacillus was of the utmost importance and forms the basis upon which rests all our modern work with vaccines and serums and their use as preventive and therapeutic agents. Advance in this direction has assuredly been spectacular and we have only begun to touch the edges of its possibilities.

If we have appeared to speak in superlatives about the various recent developments in medical progress, the results fully justify the apparent hyperbole. The use of statistical methods has given us a tool whereby we can measure accurately the progress that has taken place during the period under consideration. To begin with, there has been a very decided extension in the life span. That does not mean that mankind has gained the ability to live longer or that our population numbers many more centenarians now than in former years, but rather that more people reach the threshold of old age; consequently the average expectation of life at birth is considerably longer. For example, an infant born in 1840 had a life expectation of between forty and forty-one years; in 1900 he might have expected to live forty-nine years; and to-day he may expect almost sixty years of life—or nearly one and a half times as long as at the middle of the last century.

Another index of the well-being of a community is the prevailing death-rate, or the number of people in any given group of one thousand who die within a calendar year. Since New York City has a good series of vital statistics running back to the early years of the nineteenth century, we shall examine these mortality records and see how far we have been able to vanquish communicable and infectious diseases, since these are the conditions most amenable to public health control. In 1875, the general death-rate for the city as then constituted was 28; by 1900 it had declined to 21; and in 1927 it was slightly under 12. Turning now to a consideration of specific causes of death (and here the death-rate for convenience is based on the number of deaths per 100,000 population) we find that in the last half-century, smallpox, malaria, scarlet fever and typhoid fever have been very nearly eliminated from our mortality roll and that the following reductions in the death-rate have taken place: diphtheria has declined from 294 in 1875 to 66 in 1900 and 12 in 1927; infant diarrhea from 316 to 177 to 12; and pulmonary tuberculosis from 373 to 240 to 77.

And fifty years ago these were the main causes of death with tuberculosis standing first, whereas to-day it is fifth or sixth on the list. Equally striking is the very considerable reduction in infant mortality. Even twenty-five years ago seventeen, out of every one hundred babies born, died before they reached their first birthday, as compared with seven at the present time. In short, through various public health measures, such as the purification of our water and milk supplies, sewage disposal, vaccination, and immunization by means of toxin antitoxin and improved standards of living, we have brought under effective control, in swift succession, some of the acute infectious diseases. We have not been nearly so successful in dealing with the degenerative conditions and it is only fair to point out that mortality from heart-disease and diseases of the arteries, cancer, nephritis and cerebral hemorrhage is actually increasing. But in spite of the disturbing fact that people still continue to die, progress has been constant and rapid; the human machine just wears out, though on the whole at a later age than formerly, when all too often it collapsed in mid-career.

Now what effect have the very real gains just enumerated had upon medical philosophy? First and foremost, obviously, they insured a more accurate diagnosis of disease; they provided a course of action whereby some communicable diseases could be controlled; they resulted in more adequate methods of treatment and a more rational and less promiscuous system of drug administration; and finally, the use of serums promises to curtail other diseases in much the same fashion as it already has curtailed smallpox and diphtheria. But on the other hand, it gave weight to the theory that each disease had its specific germ or at any rate some definite cause; that each complaint of a patient's had its basis in a disordered working of the human machine which had to be traced to its origin. If that was impossible, the verdict almost invariably was that the trouble was purely imaginary and that all the sufferer required in order to regain health was the use of self-control. This is not conclusive advice; for in some cases, attempts at self-mastery and repression may result in such nervous tension that ultimately a serious mental breakdown ensues. At all events, the tendency in the past has been to stress organic, structural and pathological disorders, and to ignore emotional and mental factors—or at any rate, not to give them the importance they merit.

This was perhaps inevitable, since it is only very recently that the close relationship between mind and body has been recognized. Scientific work in general (and medicine has been no exception) has suffered from a minute subdivision of the field of study into small separate compartments. In the social sciences we have had history, economics, political science, anthropology and sociology running in parallel grooves as though their interests never touched at any point; nor was any connection made between the subject-matter of one and that of the others. It remained for the psychologists of the new school to teach us that human beings react to experience viewed as a whole and not to its isolated fragments. Dr.

Charles Singer has expressed this idea most tersely in its application to medicine when he says, "Man is neither a walking test-tube, nor a living anatomy, nor a colony of cells, nor a self-repairing machine that carries its own spare parts, nor a mere summation of the factors of heredity and environment, nor, for that matter, is he a disembodied spirit. But he is a being with a purpose. Some glimpse of that purpose, though seen through a mist and ever so dimly, we may perhaps gain from the view-point on which the stony tracks of the separate sciences do ultimately converge." Thus the human organism is a unit and all its activities—mental, emotional and physical—must be considered in the treatment of disease. After all, the discovery that man is an entity gives new point to the old Greek ideal of "a sound mind in a sound body." Since it is primarily through the brain of man that his body functions, both mind and body must be understood before steps can be taken to cure, not one ailing part out of joint, but the whole individual. This necessitates a consideration of the patient in relation to his environment and the social milieu in which he moves—to his home, family, friends, business associates and community. Each person is played upon by external forces and his reactions are determined by his innate characteristics together with the strength of fortuitous circumstances.

If, therefore, the last century was the period when the laws of science were applied to the control of man's environment, the developments of the past two decades foreshadow a time when the functioning of the human mind will be better understood and the blind forces within each one of us may be so harnessed as to enhance individual happiness and efficiency. In short, the mental hygiene movement shifts its emphasis from the tangible to the intangible, from the objective to the subjective, from control over material things to man's control over himself. What is the use of living longer, unless at the same time it is possible to live a richer, fuller, more satisfying, fruitful life?

With the prolongation of life should one not also expect such an attitude of mind and peace of spirit as will make the added years better worth the living? This is certainly not the case to-day. In addition to the large numbers in our institutions frankly afflicted with mental disease, there are vast multitudes suffering from psychic maladjustments which cripple them and likewise place an immense burden upon society. Dr. C. E. A. Winslow, of Yale, states that hospital facilities for the care of mental abnormality approximately equal the total required for the treatment of all other diseases and that in the average family throughout the land, the handicap due to minor mental maladjustments is probably quite as serious as that due to all other forms of ambulant disease; and he then goes on to say that, "The thousand petty fears and jealousies and prejudices and inhibitions which keep us hour by hour from perfect internal harmony and perfect adaptation to the persons and the conditions which surround us—here is the supreme problem of mental hygiene."

But the solution of this problem necessitates not only a further development and improvement in the comparatively new specialty of psychiatry; but equally important, a different point of view on the part of the medical profession and a reaction against the solely mechanistic theories held by physicians so long. Undoubtedly the whole emphasis in the doctor's training up to the present time has been such that inevitably he looks upon disease from a purely fact-finding point of view. He has learned that often obscure disorders which have baffled his skill have a very definite physical explanation. We now know, for example, that there is an undoubted connection between dental infection and various types of heart and kidney disease, appendicitis, pernicious anemia, rheumatism and neuritis.

Consequently when puzzled, the average doctor looks for some hidden disorder and if none can be found his sympathy is very apt to evaporate; for he sees so much obvious suffering and unmistakable pain that he tends to have little patience with what seem to him to be imaginary complaints. Medical training in the past has not been such as to give an understanding of the decisive rôle that the emotional life plays in health and happiness. But it is this very discovery that is perhaps the main contribution of psychiatry and at the same time the most significant trend in modern medicine—that patients are individuals who have to be adjusted to life's demands and that the study promising the richest rewards is the one throwing light upon the personality and behavior of man. This is the third set of instruments in the doctor's medicine kit, and the use of these tools assumes that the physician is familiar with the conflicts of human nature and the complex mechanisms whereby apparent mental disorders are so often merely a cloak for intolerable psychological situations. Physicians must be on their guard against just this state of affairs; or else unnecessary and unwarranted procedures and operations may be instituted. One doctor warns his colleagues that even when infection is actually present, they should be careful that a causal relation exists between it and the aches and pains which the patient may be using, generally quite unconsciously, in his attempt to flee from an all too stern reality. For no operation can possibly correct a condition due primarily to emotional stress or mental maladjustment.

In short, many physical symptoms, such as fatigue, indigestion, constipation and insomnia represent the patient's faulty adaptation to life. A well-known doctor estimated that over three quarters of the persons who consulted him had no organic disease, but were sick because their minds and souls were warped. A knowledge of mental abnormality is consequently highly essential; and we do not limit the term to the severe forms requiring institutional care, but include likewise those forms met constantly in everyday practice. Our population contains many more neurotics than psychotics; and for every case of serious mental or neurological disease, there are numerous cases of disabling minor malfunctioning.

The doctor must therefore be trained to recognize and treat both

physical disorders and the emotional conflicts which otherwise may defeat his very best skill. This is a fact of supreme importance which our medical schools will have to face. To us on the side-lines, interested in the progress of struggling humanity, comes a hope that medical curriculums will be modified accordingly—so that the workings of the human mind will be better understood, and furthermore that the training of our doctors will take into account all the knowledge that has recently been discovered as to how we react to given situations and what types of experience inhibit or distort the harmonious development of personality. Incidentally, the medical student will thereby gain some comprehension of his own mental processes; for surely the old adage "Know Thyself" still holds good. If, then, psychological factors are as important as physical ones in the treatment of disease, it follows that that doctor will have the greatest success who best understands all the diverse threads, the conflicting interests, and the complexity of underlying motives which must be untangled in the analysis of even apparently simple situations.

This consideration brings us back finally to the strategic position which the general practitioner still occupies in medical service. To deal effectively with mind and body considered as a unit, there is needed just that sympathy and understanding which the old-fashioned doctor brought to the cure of his patients. The personal relationship between physician and patient is certainly as important to-day as it ever was. No ingenious mechanism, no costly equipment, no up-to-the-minute appliances, no sumptuously furnished offices manned by large staffs of attendants, can counterbalance the untiring devotion and unflagging interest which the doctor bestowed upon those whom he tended year after year. Whereas the specialization characteristic of modern times has given us greater accuracy, it has narrowed the doctor's education and curtailed his vision. Concentration on one subdivision of medical knowledge is likely to prevent a comprehensive view of disease and to magnify one part of the morbid process out of all proportion to its relationship to the whole. Practically, this may result in the patient being sent from one specialist to another before the cause of his symptoms is accurately diagnosed. As the "Glasgow Medical Journal" points out: "It follows that although the specialist may devise some new form of local treatment or improve methods of operative technique, there is a risk of his doing so without regard to the broad principles which underlie all rational therapeutics." This is a real loss, for now more than ever, a broad general outlook as opposed to a narrow specialism is needed. The doctor of the future will have to be a person of wide general culture; for medicine includes within its province every study bearing upon the mental, spiritual and physical life of man. Thus we will expect our physician to carry in his medicine kit not only the valuable new tools with which experimental science has provided him, but also the latest psychological knowledge that gives insight into the workings of human nature—its behavior and motivation.

A Victim of Circumstances

It Was Always Just One Thing After Another

Roland English Hartley

I think it must have been on the first day of my acquaintance with George Westbourne that he said to me, "I've got to get out of this, out into the country somewhere, or I'll never accomplish anything at all!" And that was the burden of most of his talk with me for the greater part of ten years.

It was difficult, sometimes, not to laugh at him as he sat there in his "office" at The Marina, talking of the manifold involvements and obstructions of his life. For George never made a plausible martyr. He is one of those neat little men—neat in mind and body—that make your fingers, both physical and conversational, fairly tingle to be at the pleasant business of ruffling him. No; it is hard to conceive of a martyr with such soft round red cheeks; with a pince-nez sitting so exactly on his nose; with blond mustache so meticulously ordered; with such small and well-kept hands.

Mrs. Westbourne is a person of a very different sort. Though she is actually no taller than George, she gives the impression of being much larger. She is amply proportioned, robust and vigorous. One almost forgets that George is in the room when she is there. And yet she is not at all domineering, nor he at all subservient. They are really thoroughly fond of each other, and much better companions than most husbands and wives.

Perhaps a good deal of Mrs. Westbourne's manner of sweeping people and events along in her train, comes from her club and civic activities. You've seen her name in that connection, of course. Clara Lake Westbourne. She is past president of the Woman's Club, and was one of the leaders in their campaign a few years ago for the collection of funds to put up their fine new building. At that time she was constantly being mentioned as sponsor for this or that artistic or musical enterprise; and there was scarcely any "movement" of importance in our city without her name appearing somewhere on the committee rolls.

All this was naturally a little hard on George. Being, with any degree of satisfaction, the unimportant husband of an important woman, requires that sense of a remade world in which George is lacking. He used to try to joke about it. When he'd recognize a friend's voice over the phone, he'd say, "Yes; this is Mrs. Westbourne's husband." But I knew there was a little resentment under the smile—a resentment that was directed not at all against her,

but rather against the circumstances which he believed were limiting his chance for accomplishment.

These circumstances had mainly to do with the property they owned together and which George administered. He had been a real-estate man before his marriage; afterward, he and his wife clubbed their funds and bought an apartment-house, which brought them in a snug little income. Yet George could never refer to The Marina except in terms of direst discontent.

Whenever any one ventured to suggest that his cares of management might be taken more lightly, he would remind them, "Look what happened that three months we went to Alaska!" And he was always ready to itemize just what had happened—such things as rank incompetence of janitors, and botched repairs, and desirable tenants moving out, and undesirable people moving in.

"Those things *will* happen," we used to answer.

"They're not so apt to happen if I'm on the job," he would end the argument. And he nearly always added, "I'll just have to get rid of the whole thing and get away somewhere, if I'm ever going to get anything done."

For, you see, George wanted to do something with his life besides devoting it to the management of an apartment-house. He wanted to be a writer. In school-days he had always been told by his teachers that he had a marked talent for writing. They predicted great things for his future. George had grown confident that the great things were coming. And now that the middle years were upon him, he was becoming impatient. Nothing accomplished yet, and this damn apartment-house blocking every vista of future accomplishment.

He used to show me little things he had done, asking my opinion of them. He'd hand them over with ill-concealed eagerness. "Nothing much, of course; just a little trifle; but I'd like to know what you think of it." Invariably these writings of his were mere fragments—a bit of a story, a few paragraphs of a sketch, a brief scene of a playlet. Some of the things had a certain interest and grace, and I wanted to encourage him as far as I honestly could. But I didn't want to be falsely optimistic over his future as a writer, so I usually said, "That interested me, George. Suppose you finish it and then let me have another look at it."

Of course, this always started him off again on his pet grievance. "Finish it? How do you think I'm ever going to get anything finished? I'm lucky if I even get a chance to *start* a thing now and then!"

One day when we were sitting in his office at The Marina, I suggested that even though the calls upon his time came frequently and unforeseen, still there were many leisure hours that might be added up to a profitable use. Just then the telephone on his table rang. George's part in the talk was a series of Yes's mounting in disgust. When he banged down the receiver, he turned to me with his round-eyed stare of challenge and a helpless lift of his hands.

"You see! That's the way it goes!"

I asked what the immediate trouble was.

"Merely that the people who moved out of four hundred and five to-day had set a red-hot tea-kettle or something of that sort on a table-top of finely polished wood. . . . Lord, you'd think the animals would have *some* sense! . . . And if it isn't one thing, it's another. You'd have to run an apartment-house to know how many stupidities a half-hundred people can think up in a single day."

He got up with a sigh and lifted his slender hand to his pince-nez, as if the sudden movement might have set it the slightest shade awry. "Well, I'll have to go up now and see about it."

"But the damage is done," I protested, "and the people are gone."

His mild eyes glared at me. "How do you suppose things would go if I just sat here and didn't keep looking after everything?"

He left me with my book and a cigar and was gone for the better part of an hour.

That's the way he dealt with the whole thing. If any repairing or renovating was being done, George was right on the spot to watch every stage of the process. He stood in bare rooms by the hour watching painters and paper-hangers. He affected a certain comradely line of talk with the workmen, to which they responded tolerantly. George said that was the only way he could get good work done. His days were pretty well filled with this passive task of his.

"You can see for yourself how it is," he would say to me. "I scarcely have an hour that I can call my own. But some of these days we'll have a quiet place in the country somewhere and I can get on with my writing."

He had no clear mental picture of this ideal retreat; it was just some remote place, away from people and apartment-houses, where there should be peace and unbroken leisure.

Of all these present dissatisfactions and future hopes, he spoke out quite as fully before his wife as to me alone; and at these times Mrs. Westbourne smiled and responded, in her trained public-speaking voice, with something that evaded the issue. "If you could see some of the writer specimens we have as guests at our luncheons," she would tell him, "you wouldn't be so anxious to be one of the tribe." Or she might say, "At least, you're gathering plenty of material here." It was not until shortly before the move to the country was made, that she let herself be drawn into any serious talk of the possibility of it. When Mrs. Westbourne began to discuss things, some course of definite action was fairly certain to be imminent.

Even in the first years, though, however lightly she disposed of George's plaints when we three were together, with me alone she talked of them seriously enough.

"I know," she said one day, "that I'd perish in a month, off in the country somewhere. But if George feels that it's the only thing for him, of course I'll give up my work here and we'll go. I don't want to be selfish and then have him feel, when we begin getting old, that I've had all the chances and he has had none."

She asked me what I "really thought" of George's chances to

make a success of writing. Of course I wouldn't let myself be drawn into any pronouncement on that subject.

"But do you think he's unhappy here?" she persisted. "He has a lot of annoying things to attend to, I know."

I remembered how I had seen George recently, standing bent forward with his hands propped on his knees, in animated conversation with a plumber who was crouched under a leaking sink; and I smiled and assured Mrs. Westbourne, "George enjoys it all much more than he realizes."

She smiled warmly in relief. "I'd so hate to feel selfish," she said.

Those ten years between my first meeting with the Westbournes and their final move to the country had very little to distinguish them one from another. There was no mounting bitterness in George's complaints, no gradual yielding of Mrs. Westbourne's prejudices against rural life, no dramatic clash of desires and adjustment of purposes. Things went on so evenly that one might have expected them to go on unchanged to the end. And then, quite simply, they decided on the move.

Perhaps Mrs. Westbourne's waning influence in the Woman's Club played its part in the event. A rival of long standing displaced her on one or two important committees, and policies were introduced which Mrs. Westbourne had always valiantly opposed. Don't understand from this that she was "put on the shelf." She still had a larger part in civic activities than any two other women. But possibly there was a shade of unexpressed bitterness in her mood when she said to me one day, "I'm getting a little weary of all this. After all, I've had my fling. And now I want George to have his."

"So at last it's to be the return to the soil!"

She gave a little shudder. "I'm afraid it will be the death of me."

"Oh, you'll find unsuspected fields of activity," I assured her. "Now, I have no doubt the farm animals have many long-standing grievances and only need some one to organize them—"

Her look became so reproachful that I did not go on.

George, I think, was at first a trifle bewildered by this sudden leveling of all familiar obstacles. "I'll get something done at last!" he declared. But I missed the old ring of challenge in his voice.

They easily disposed of The Marina. George said, "There's that damn thing off our hands!" But he made an unnecessary number of final marches about the hallways and even dropped a sentimental sigh in the cellar before the furnace.

There was, of course, a long period of discussion as to just where they should go. Mrs. Westbourne, I think, hoped that they might find a refuge in one of the near-by counties, bound up with the city by a suburban railway. It would be pleasant to keep in touch with events and witness from close at hand the disaster that was sure to fall upon her rival's program.

But George held stoutly to a complete evacuation of their old world. He talked rather wildly of mountain and desert. We felt relieved, Mrs. Westbourne and I, when we had effected a compromise that

settled upon Santa Rosa for their new home—a little five-acre estate on the fringes of the quiet country town.

I was urged to be a frequent visitor.

"You'll be our only bond with civilization," Mrs. Westbourne told me, with a smile of exaggerated wistfulness.

And George said, "I'll have a lot of things—writing, you know—that I'll want to show you and talk to you about."

It was a delightful retreat that they had chosen. The house sets back from the lane among apple-trees, with wide lawns and gardens about it. The arrangement of the rooms pleases the eye with vistas, and there are fine broad porches, hung with climbing roses.

"Do you know," Mrs. Westbourne said to me on one of the first days, "I'm afraid I shall get to love this place."

"Afraid?"

She shrugged slightly. "Well, of course we can't be sure how it will all turn out."

If her doubts had concerned George's satisfaction in the new life, they might soon have been put aside. "This is what I have always wanted!" he told us again and again. And his wide smile, and the little chuckle that ran under his words, showed that he meant it.

It was May when they moved into the new house. The garden was at its gayest. Each time I arrived for a brief visit, George took me about to show me some splendid new display. I almost always found him in the garden. He wore a straw hat with a wide flapping brim that matched oddly with his well-cut suit of the city days; and to protect his hands he wore loose cotton gloves.

One day when I came he was trimming off the shriveled blooms from a resplendent bed of zinnias. "Look at these flowers!" he hailed me. "As big as saucers!" He went on snipping here and there as he talked. "I have a gardener come in to help me with the heavy work. But things like this, that need doing every day, I attend to myself."

He was very busy about it all. When the zinnias were properly in order, he led me on to the vegetable garden around back of the garage.

"And how's the writing going?" I ventured.

He looked around to me slowly, with an aggrieved expression in his mild eyes. "You can see for yourself," he said, "that all these things have to be put in order before I can settle down to work."

After watching him for a while, as he went proudly down the line of climbing bean-vines, pulling off the long curled pods, I went to the house. I found Mrs. Westbourne on the cool shaded porch, in a hammock, with a table full of books beside her.

"Well," I began, "has it been so terrible?"

She waved her hand toward the bright-jacketed volumes. "I'm beginning to find that books have quite as much in them as people."

"And George seems happy," I suggested.

"He's like a child with a new toy!"

"And the writing—?"

"The future isn't big enough to hold it all," she said, and we had a quiet little laugh together.

That's the way I always found them, George in the garden and Mrs. Westbourne on the porch with her books. George invariably told me that the particular work in hand was the last thing needing to be done outdoors for a long time. "Then I'll get to my writing," he said. And he would stretch his arms and make a few flourishes, as if writing were a matter of brawn, and say, "I'll be in fine trim for it!"

The fall brought apple-harvest time. The orchard, with its heavy crop of Gravensteins, looked as gay as a field of Christmas-trees. Whenever I came near the place, in those weeks, I would hear George's voice in loud speech, from one tree-top to the next, with the man he had engaged to help with the picking. And as I went up the lane, I would see George's overalled legs emerging from the foliage far up on a ladder; and when I called, George would climb down and wave a loosely-gloved hand to me, set down his picking-bucket and walk to me over the rough ground, to save my shining city shoes, and pour into my ear his raptures over this culminating phase of country life.

"You don't get any thrills like this in the city!" he announced grandly.

"You forget the five-o'clock traffic jam," I said.

For this he had only a flourish of the hand and was back at his ladder again.

One day in late September, failing to find George in the orchard or garden, I hallooed, and his answer came to me from the house. He met me at the stairway and led me into his little room that he called the library. "You're just the fellow I want to see! I've got something to show you at last."

But when he handed over some sheets of paper he said, "Don't read it now. I'm getting kind of restless sitting indoors here. Let's take a walk around outside."

That evening I found his pages to be the same sort of thing he had always done, just a fragment ending in mid-career. And I could only say to him, once again, "It's all right for a start, George. Let me see it when it gets a little further on."

He promised to get on with it fast: there wasn't anything outside to interfere now. Two or three weeks later, however, he admitted ruefully, "I'm having a deuce of a time settling down to writing. You know, I got so used to being outdoors these last few months that it's the hardest work in the world making myself sit in here at the desk."

"George and I have changed places in the world," his wife put in with her quiet laugh.

George declared with exaggerated forcefulness, "I'm going to finish that story if I have to chain myself to the chair to do it!"

But the story was not finished. The season came along when the orchard trees had to be pruned; and though George knew nothing of this process, he watched every move of the man who did it for him, because, as he explained to me, a man must understand every phase of the work on his place if he expects to have it properly done.

Then it was time for plowing, and then time for the spring planting; and it wasn't long before the first year of their country residence

reached its end. George regretted deeply that he hadn't finished that story in celebration of the anniversary; but it was impossible, he explained, to stay awake long at night after these busy days outdoors.

A few months later, on an August day when George was once more absorbed in the apple harvest, Mrs. Westbourne came to meet me on the porch with a smile that had a note of uneasiness and distress—a new note on her confident face. She led me to my usual wicker chair beside the hammock, poured my glass of iced lemonade, regarded me nervously as I sipped it, and then brought out abruptly, "I've a confession to make. I've written a book."

I set down my glass. "Well, why not? Everybody's doing it. . . . The Journal of an Exile? Something like that?"

She laughed uncomfortably. "Oh, nothing at all lyrical. Just something that I happen to know a good deal about. In fact, it's just a dishing-up of my own experiences. Something about woman's influence in politics."

"Good! And will you call it: Holding the Club over Politics?"

"The worst of it is," she went on seriously, "that I've found a publisher. The book will be out sometime in the winter, or early next spring."

"The worst of it!" I mocked her. "That's a strange remark from an author."

"Of course," she said, "I was glad in a way—and excited. But you see . . . there's George."

Naturally, there was George. I had known all along what her doubtfulness meant, but I didn't want to be the one to broach the matter.

"I don't know just how he'll feel about it," she went on. "When *he* has always wanted so badly to write, to be known as a writer . . . it seems almost like stealing his—his success, his glory . . . whatever you want to call it. . . . What do you think I should do?"

"Do? Why it seems to me it's *done* . . . publisher and all."

"But it isn't too late to stop the whole thing."

She really meant it. I could see that.

"I don't believe George would want that," I told her.

She looked at me as if she weren't at all sure.

"Why not tell him all about it," I said, "and see how he takes it?"

"I dread to."

"Do you want me to bring the frightful tidings to him?"

"No," she said; "I'd rather tell him myself. . . . But it will take time to gain the courage."

That night at dinner, when George said, "Well, I'm getting things in fine shape for the winter, so that I'll have lots of time for writing," Mrs. Westbourne met my eye for an instant and looked hastily away.

She hadn't told George her news by Monday morning, when I had to leave; so I made a special trip up there the next week-end, in my eagerness to know how George had been affected by the tidings.

The apple-picking was not yet finished, and when I turned into the lane there were George's legs on the ladder, with the rest of him invisible in the screen of foliage. I called, and he came scrambling down with his

usual cheerful celerity. His round blue eyes were full of an eager merriment as he came across the plowed ground.

"We've got a real piece of news for you this time," he called out before we were within reach of a hand-clasp. "Clara's written a book."

"A book—" I repeated stupidly enough.

"A real book, and got a publisher for it already, too!" He gave a proud chuckle. "She's a good one, all right! Sitting there on the porch all the time, writing a book!"

"She certainly is a good one!" I brought out on a full breath of relief and satisfaction.

"Yes," George said, as he took off one of his broad cotton gloves to settle his eye-glasses exactly straight on his nose, "it's an accomplishment to be proud of, I tell her. And another thing," he went on, fixing me with his round-eyed serious stare, "it'll be a fine thing for *me*, having her established with the publishers. It will help me have access to them, you see, when I get started with my writing."

WINGS

MAZIE V. CARUTHERS

He, who like Dædalus, has dreamed of wings
And barters life to fly,
Must loose his moorings with this world, to dare
The roadways of the sky—

To soar and dip above the drifting clouds
Sailing the four winds' chart,
To plunge his questing hands among the stars,
A bird's song in his heart.

And though his man-made pinions fail some day,
And earthly flights are done—
Has he not heard the singing of the spheres,
The laughter of the sun?

The Federal Reserve

Its Policies, Its Authority and Its Relation to Speculative Credits

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It is well to consider whether the Federal Reserve Board has been granted all the necessary authority and power to handle the conditions with which it is now confronted in its capacity as the responsible head of finance in America. Many critics of the system feel that the public is kept altogether too much in the dark as to its present operations. They believe that they should know something as to the time, and the whys and wherefores, of a change in policy, on the theory that uncertainty causes speculation; and supported further by the thought that the banking system should be the servant rather than the master of commerce, industry and agriculture, they point to a growing tendency to secrecy and to apparent domination in its management.

We must recognize, first of all, the powers that are vested in the management of the system. The three great powers, outside of the influence of gold, are the discount rate, open-market operations and publicity.

Early last February the Federal Reserve Board issued a second warning as to the credit situation. And by so doing it used one of the most potent influences under its control—namely, publicity. Use had heretofore been made of the other two functions—discount rate and open-market operations—without satisfactory results. The warning statement, it will be remembered, indicated special reference to loans made for speculative purposes.

The chief function of the Federal Reserve System is the maintenance of a proper gold reserve, and control of the total volume of credit; and, of course, in the exercise of these prerogatives it necessarily must keep in touch with world gold and world credit movements, but only for the purpose of wise and competent management in the preservation of our own gold reserve and the control of our total volume of credits. No one understood in February that the gold reserve was in danger, nor was there any indication of a general rise in the commodity price level; and because of this I think that the Federal Reserve Board should not have concerned itself about the condition of the stock-market or of the security-loan market. It cannot attempt a regulation of security loans without disturbing the industrial mechanism. To disturb industry merely to restrain stock speculation seems to me an unwarranted procedure that would work a gross injustice on both

the business man and the working-man.

I think there is a tendency to pay too much attention to the spectacular action of the stock-market. We should remember that the business man, the worker and the farmer as such are not greatly concerned about stock speculation. Their chief interest is in the continuity of business and the stability of general prices, which serve as guides to industrial activity and help to maintain employment, wages and profits. We have not had, however, a general increase in commodity prices, in spite of all the talk of wild speculation. When all commodity prices rise there is no general increase in productive wealth, but merely an inflation. However, stock prices should be distinguished from commodity prices since there is often a corresponding increase in value measured by an increased capitalization.

Should the indexes of employment or of prices show any tendency to decline, I think that the Federal Reserve Board should ease money rates.

Last year the high money rates made it seem to some observers that it would be difficult to finance by bond issues. It is true that bond issues declined and that many feared a resultant decline in new construction, which would mean a slackening demand for steel and other raw materials. This result, however, did not follow for a number of reasons. Among these may be mentioned the fact that many corporations have adequate cash balances, so that they can finance themselves without creating additional debts. Another is that companies are financed by stock issues—and since the public was still willing to buy stock, brokers' loans continued to increase.

I do not think that the assumption is warranted that brokers' loans are depriving business of necessary funds, or that all of the security loans are unproductive. In my judgment there is too little known about the ultimate disposition of stock-market loans to warrant any action by the Federal Reserve designed to depress these loans. Moreover, if such an attempt is made and it succeeds in raising money rates so high that people will be afraid to buy stocks, I think that the depressing results on business will be inevitable. There is a grave responsibility in dealing with this situation because it would be easy to produce a business slump without intending to do so.

As far as I know there is no evidence that the increased volume of security loans is operating to restrict employment or business activity.

I firmly believe now as I have in the past that the eye of the Federal Reserve System should be kept on questions of commodity price level and of employment. It seems to me to be rather far-fetched to endanger the pay envelop of the working-man and the profits of the business man simply because some one gets the notion that there is too much stock speculation or that stocks should not sell as high as they happen to be selling at a given time.

There are so many matters of judgment involved in stock prices that most of the critics and experts, I believe, have erred in predicting the stock-market. If, however, the condition of corporate profits does

not warrant present prices, the market will correct itself in time. Meanwhile the Federal Reserve should keep its attention chiefly upon the stability of business and employment, which finds itself reflected generally in a stable commodity price level.

If in the judgment of borrowers the uses of bank funds (as for the stock-market) are such that they are willing to pay high rates for them, nothing should be done about it; these events should be left to run their course. I am inclined to think that the high discount rates are beginning to show their effect on the commodity price level.

Money rates remain relatively high in the United States, and as long as they remain so I believe there is little danger of a further drain upon our gold reserves except by the deliberate action of the central banks. Our gold reserve ratio is ample, and I do not see why at the moment we need be alarmed about it.

There is no mystery behind the high volume of loans. The large loans of our banking system at this time are due, I think, to a number of causes. First of these is the huge volume of individual savings which banks must invest. These savings correspond partly to the production of additional wealth, and they are partly the results of the capitalization of values, such as stocks and real estate. If there are large savings, large bank loans follow naturally. Another cause may be the large volume of corporate savings which are being retained by corporations in the form of cash. These cash balances standing on the liability side of a bank balance-sheet must be offset by loans and investments on the asset side. Most of these savings are the result not of capitalization, but of production of additional wealth, since most corporations are not speculators, but producers. Then some part of our deposits and loans is the result of the capitalization of stocks and bonds and does not represent actual increases in productive wealth.

Deposits and loans and investments of the banking system will decrease if there is a decrease in the volume of individual savings; or if savers buy securities directly, or through investment trusts; or if those having deposit balances derived through the sale of securities, go back into the market and repurchase these securities from those who are holding them on margin. This is, of course, what would happen should any extensive decline take place in the stock-market. It is not the business of the banking system to try to wipe out one group of speculators and investors in order to benefit the other.

It is of real importance that the Federal Reserve Banks should exercise to the fullest extent the power vested in them by the Federal Reserve Act to increase or curtail the total volume of credit in order to protect the central reserves and maintain the gold standard, and to limit their assets at all times to securities of short maturity and of such a character as to be readily convertible.

In times like the present, Federal Reserve credit is made more accessible by the use of short-time government securities as collateral by member banks and by the Federal Reserve Banks themselves in open-market operations. The availability

of governmental securities for the release of Federal Reserve credit is partly responsible for the non-development of trade and bankers' acceptances. Federal Reserve authorities, recognizing the powerful urge to buy and sell in the open market, as long as the law permits government securities to be purchased and sold in such a way, have insisted upon a continuance of this war-time authority. No doubt such practice has influenced the Treasury in continuing to refinance approximately two billion dollars' worth of short-time certificates of indebtedness in this form of security, rather than the funding of this short-time debt over a long period.

The Federal Reserve System permits the use of government securities as a basis for release of Federal Reserve credit, to a greater extent, many believe, than is advisable. Careful consideration should be given to this subject, particularly because it is through this source that credit can be released in a speculative market. When so released, even though for commercial, industrial or marketing purposes, it is quite likely to go indirectly into speculative loans which will result in an inflation of what is perhaps an already over-inflated, high-priced stock-market. Speculative minds, realizing how dependent their business is upon ample credit facilities and easy access to them, oppose any restriction being placed on the release of credit through the use of government securities. However, their counter suggestion of the method which would make eligible for rediscount brokers' loans in the form of what is known in England as Lombard loans, it seems to me, tends to inflation and is contrary to the principles underlying the organization of the Federal Reserve System.

The best way is the safest way. If the contemplated use of the Federal Reserve facilities to accommodate our industries has become less effective, and we have come into a new era where industry is not being financed as intended in the original Federal Reserve Act, then the act should be changed to meet the new conditions. Just as truly as banking has developed in the past, so are we going to continue to expand, because banking must keep pace with the requirements of a developing commerce, industry and agriculture. If our central banking system is to function in the discharge of its full duty, it must occupy a commanding position over the credit situation; and in order to do this it must be placed in a position where it can control all the elements that enter into it. If revision of the law is necessary to accomplish this, the necessary amendments should be made, so that the administration of the system will not be handicapped in its service to the hundred and twenty million people whom it was primarily organized to serve.

The Federal Reserve System is the most potential financial influence in the world to-day, and because of this fact it is natural that attention should be focused on its management and operation. The delicacy of the management of any central financial institution makes for secrecy. The effect of the utilization of any of the three important powers of the Fed-

eral Reserve management, already referred to, might be entirely destroyed and their usefulness become of no avail if the public were appraised in advance of the contemplated action.

The investment of independent money in brokers' loans is an important factor in our general credit situation; and in order to permit the Federal Reserve to retain its control over the total volume of credit, it may become necessary to give it supervision over the granting of brokers' loans. The ruling last year by which the New York Clearing House restricted this market to loans of one hundred thousand dollars or multiples thereof, emphasizes the necessity of some kind of supervision over this particular market.

It is pertinent to add, however, that call-loans on listed securities made to stock-exchange members are the safest and most liquid loans that exist in American banking. There seems to be no record of such a loan causing loss to any lender—a statement which cannot be made of bankers' bills, United States Liberty Bonds or other superior banking investments. The call-loan market, too, has come through many severe tests in the past, including civil and foreign wars, almost all species of currency heresies, inflations, depressions, periods of great activity and periods of business stagnation. It has been so strengthened by the necessity to survive these almost constant crises that to-day it is the best organized security collateral loan market in the world.

Another problem of great importance at this time is the relation of the Federal Reserve System to general banking policy, because of the new banking developments in the United States affecting organization, management and control.

In the course of my official contact with the Federal Reserve System there have, within the last few years, come to my attention a number of instances where officers of Federal Reserve Banks have attempted to control banking policies wholly beyond their powers and responsibilities. I do not mean to say that these attempts are of frequent occurrence. That they have occurred at all is sufficient occasion for warning. The member banks do not feel that they can afford to enter openly into a controversy with a Federal Reserve Bank even though they know they are in the right. This, all the more, is a reason why Federal Reserve officials should be careful to confine themselves strictly to authorized Federal Reserve activities. The inclination of the member bank would naturally be to meet the conditions imposed, to suffer imposition rather than combat the Federal Reserve official. Such officials have enough to do to carry out the operations required by the Federal Reserve Act without attempting to set themselves up as arbiters of general banking policies with regard to which the Federal Reserve Board has not by resolution properly taken jurisdiction.

Many developments and questions, some of which are based on the authority of the McFadden Act of 1927, lead to a discussion among bankers, of the attitude of government officials. Whether it has to do with consolidations, or branch bank-

ing in cities, or the wider distribution of bank-stocks through par value reduction, the inclination of the banker is to seek the views of the Comptroller of the Currency, of members of the Federal Reserve Board or of officers of the local Federal Reserve Bank. There is thus a temptation to these officers to be led into discussions of general banking policies on which neither the Federal Reserve Board nor even Congress itself may have taken a definite position.

The Board can act only by the adoption of resolutions and these, in order to be valid, must come within the statutory powers of the Board. The resolutions thus passed constitute a definite record of the Board's financial policy. This policy must be, of course, within and in furtherance of the Federal Reserve Act. Upon questions of banking policy which are not definitely regulated by any act of Congress, the Board may go no further than to recommend to Congress the enactment of new legislation.

Individual members of the Board may indeed have personal views with reference to banking developments, and they may be influenced by these views in their standing for or against proposals that may be brought before the Board. There is thus a natural temptation to members to direct or control general banking policies which are admittedly beyond the scope of the Federal Reserve Act, but which informally they may influence by withholding action on routine matters that may properly come before the Board.

It is the pride of American business that its phenomenal success is due not to governmental patronage and direction, but to the individual initiative of private citizens. In the field of corporate organization and management the pioneer spirit has prevailed. These movements have always preceded regulatory action by the Government. The field of banking is not essentially different. It is for Congress to say when regulatory laws should be enacted to control new banking developments, but this power should not be used to crush the enthusiasm or destroy courage without which our banks cannot meet the new conditions of a modern world.

There may be said to be five phases of banking activity from the standpoint of the Federal Reserve Banks, but the one to which I specifically address myself is one over which no definite expression of policy has been enunciated by the Government. Where the execution of laws is intrusted to appointive officers, commissions or boards, there are always two potential dangers: the bureaucratic exercise of governmental power and the paternalistic administration of the law. It is expedient, every now and again, to direct public attention to these dangers and to warn such officials against presuming to speak for the Government on questions wholly beyond their jurisdiction.

The Federal Reserve Banks are by their very nature peculiarly subject to this temptation. They have grown into great financial institutions; they are housed in magnificent buildings; they exercise wide powers over credit and they maintain by virtue of their position the most vital contact with every movement of

finance. Their officials are enveloped in dignity and formality. Bankers come to them for advice on all sorts of financial questions, particularly those of policy upon which the attitude of the Government is in doubt because Congress has not definitely expressed itself.

It takes a strong man of exceptional temperament to resist the implied flattery of such an approach. It is an invitation to paternalism. It is but another step from paternalism to bureaucracy; it is the use of official position to influence or control policies over which the officer has no proper authority.

Let me cite the occasions which have arisen out of the granting of trust powers by the Federal Reserve Board upon the conversion of a State bank or trust company into a national bank, or the consolidation of a State bank or trust company with a national bank. Under the procedure adopted by the Federal Reserve Board the national bank applies to the Board for a permit to exercise trust powers. This application is filed with the local Federal Reserve Bank for transmission to the Board. Since the State bank or trust company is already carrying on a trust business and has qualified as a national bank, the granting of the trust permit to the resulting national bank becomes purely a routine matter. Nevertheless, there have been instances in which Federal Reserve agents, taking advantage of their duty to perform the ministerial act of transmission of the application, have attempted to enforce conditions of policy upon the applying bank as to questions wholly unrelated to the exercise of trust powers. In other words, these officers have attempted to control and direct banking operations in fields outside the scope of the Federal Reserve Act and over which the Federal Reserve Board had not assumed and could not assume jurisdiction.

There have also been occasions where Federal Reserve Bank officials have withheld the rediscount of eligible paper in order to force a member bank to conform to policies having nothing to do with the Federal Reserve Act. I recall a particular instance where a governor of a Federal Reserve Bank denied a national bank the right to rediscount because such national bank had, in the opinion of this governor, invested "too large a sum" in its bank building. There is no law limiting the amount a national bank may invest in its building, this being left to the discretion of the bank's board of directors. Such a question might possibly be raised by the Comptroller of the Currency, but certainly not by the governor of a Federal Reserve Bank.

Let us suppose that a bank agreed to meet the conditions imposed by the Federal Reserve agent in order to secure favorable action by the Federal Reserve Board. Is not that bank putting itself in a position to be threatened in case the conditions are not met?

I have frequently heard the comment that the Federal Reserve Board might upon occasion revoke the trust powers of a national bank. This seems to me a most vital question. I am sure that bank lawyers will agree with me that Congress contemplated in the Federal Reserve Act that there could be no condi-

tional granting of trust powers to national banks, and that once a permit for such trust powers has been issued by the Federal Reserve Board, the power so conferred automatically becomes a charter power of the corporation to carry on the trust business and cannot therefore be revoked by the Board.

It is inconceivable that Congress intended that national banks should engage in the trust business—which is perhaps the most profitable and at the same time the most delicate phase of the banking business—under a mere license subject to revocation by a majority of the Board without a public hearing and upon the ex-parte recommendation of a Federal Reserve agent. If Congress intended that the Board should have the power to revoke trust permits it would have provided the proper procedure whereby property rights might be protected. In fact, the legal remedy is ample. If a national bank violates any provision of the banking laws relating to trust powers, the Federal Reserve Board may direct a suit against it for forfeiture of its charter. But it would have its day in court.

Let the Federal Reserve System, an institution of which we may all be justly proud, be on its guard against overstepping the bounds of the authority vested in it. In banking policy it can circumscribe the field of credit arising out of the use of Federal Reserve funds. Further than that its policy does not extend, although there has been imposed upon the Federal Reserve Board by law the duty to perform many ministerial and routine acts. But beyond the policy of credit all questions of general banking policy have been reserved by Congress.

Red Ripe's Squaw

Recollections of a Long Life Interpreted by

Thomas B. Marquis
Author of Memoirs of a White Crow Indian

Ninety-five years ago (1834) I was born in the Black Hills country. My father was a Cheyenne Indian, my mother was a Sioux. They brought up their family as Cheyennes. Our tribe used to travel, all of the time, over the whole country between the Elk River (the Yellowstone) and Mexico.

When I was six years old, all of the Cheyennes went on a journey across the Flintlock Gun River (the Arkansas). The Arapahoes and the Kiowas went with us, and we met there the Comanches and the Apaches. I never saw so many Indians together anywhere else. These five tribes there made peace among themselves. The Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Kiowas gave guns and blankets to the southern Indians; and they gave us horses. At that place, before I was born, our people first got whisky.

Parties of our men used to go afoot from the Black Hills far southward, to get horses. Each man took along only his lariat-rope, his bow and arrows, his sheath-knife, a little package of dried meat, and two or three extra pairs of moccasins tucked into his belt. Their women were sad in heart as they worked on these moccasins, for sometimes the travelers were gone a whole year, or they never came back. Enemies were on all sides of us, in those days.

We used to plant corn, when I was a little girl. With sharpened sticks we punched holes in the ground, dropped in the grains of corn, went hunting all summer, then returned to gather our crops. But the Pawnees and the Arikaras got to stealing or destroying our plantings, so we quit it and followed all the time after the buffalo. We gathered wild turnips, wild sweet potatoes and different kinds of wild berries. One time, as we were passing near some white settlements, our women got a few watermelons. They cut them up and put them into pots for boiling. After a while, when they looked into the pots they found the food all changed into water.

I had a doll-baby. My mother made it. The head was of buckskin stuffed with buffalo hair. It was tied upon the end of a stick, and I kept the stick dressed in beaded and fringed buckskin clothing. One time, when enemies attacked us and drove us running from our camp, I had to leave behind my rawhide satchel that had in it this doll and its extra clothing. For a long time afterward I cried about my lost baby. I

dreamed at night about the enemy having scalped it and cut up its body.

The first issue of government presents to the Cheyennes was when I was fifteen years old. The place was near the fork of what we called Horse River and Geese River. Soldier houses had just been built there (Fort Laramie, 1849). We were given beef, but we did not eat any of it. Great piles of bacon were stacked on the prairie and distributed to us, but we used it only to make fires or to grease robes for tanning. We got soda, but we did not know what to do with it. The green coffee looked to us like some new kind of berries. We boiled these berries just as they were, green, but they did not taste good. We liked the sugar presented to us. They gave us plenty of it, some of it light brown and some of it dark brown.

We got copper kettles, coffee-pots, butcher knives, sewing-awls, colored calicoes, bedticking cloth and boxfuls of thread for sewing. The thread was in skeins, not on spools. We were given plenty of brass buttons, colored beads, brass finger-rings, and red and blue face-paints. Blankets, of pretty colors, were issued to all of us. Our chiefs told us, "These presents are given to us so that we may become civilized, like the white people."

Two white men did most of the gift distributing. One of them we named Yellow White Man. I believe this man (Jim Beckworth, the mulatto?) belonged with the Crow Indians. The other one gave us the blankets, so we called him Blanket White Man, or Blanket. After that day, our people saw him many times. We learned that the white people called him Jim Bridger.

My father gave me a tamed yearling colt when I was about ten years old. When we were traveling, my mother would put packs upon the colt with me. Usually I had behind me and dangling down the colt's sides two badger skins filled with dried choke-cherries. When I grew older I liked to break wild horses. My sister and I used to take them to some sandy spot beside a river. Sometimes, before mounting one we would lead it out into the water. A horse cannot buck hard in deep water.

I was married to Red Ripe when I was twenty-one years old. But the Indian women of the old times did not change their names on account of marriage; so all throughout my lifetime I have kept the same name, Iron Teeth. My husband was a good hunter and did not need my help for gathering meat for his family, but I often went hunting with him. One time, when we were after a small band of buffalo, I rode around to turn them toward the hilltop, because a buffalo cannot run fast uphill. I struck a bull with my hatchet. The bull whirled and knocked down my pony. I fell sprawling, but my husband drove away the angered animal and saved me.

We got our sewing-thread, as well as our food and clothing and shelter, from the wild animals our men killed. This sinew thread is made from the animal tendons, especially the long tendon on the back. It is dried, and then it may be shredded as fine as is necessary for whatever sewing is to be done. For the heavy

work, buffalo sinew is the best. For beading and other fine work, we used the sinews of the antelope, deer and elk.

One time, when we were running away from the Pawnees, I and another woman stayed behind to help a friend bring her new baby. We hid in some timber and stayed there three days. Then we put the mother and her baby upon a travois bed made by stretching a buffalo robe across two lodge-poles dragged by a horse. By short cuts, we rejoined our band a few days later. If the Pawnees had found us it is not likely they would have killed us. Indians rarely killed each other's women and children. They captured them and kept them, to add them to their own tribe.

But white people did not spare us in this way. I know of one case where a young woman and an older helper stayed behind and hid themselves. At that time we were only moving camp, not fleeing from enemies. Two days later, the husband of the sick young woman went back to see how she was getting along. He found that she and her companion woman and the baby had all been killed. Horse trails showed that white men had done this. The husband was crazed by grief and anger. He vowed he never after that would have pity for any white people.

Very old Indians occasionally were abandoned when we were moving, sometimes because they became tired of the travel and asked to be left behind, sometimes because pursuing enemies allowed no other choice. I remember a time when White Geese was treated this way. He was not very old, but he was so sick that he felt sure he would die; so he asked that he be prepared for death and be left alone. I helped his women when they painted him in his favorite way, dressed him in his best beaded clothing, wrapped him and all of his precious personal belongings into a buffalo robe, and placed him upon a burial scaffold. We mourned all along the way as we followed the trail to our new camping place.

Four nights later, the widow heard a voice saying: "I want water and food." She was frightened. The voice again spoke: "Get food and water for me." Then her fright changed to joy. It was White Geese himself. He still had on all of the fine clothing, and he was carrying in his hands all of the articles that had been wrapped with him in the burial robe. He soon was entirely well, and lived for many years.

Our children used to ride in woven willow baskets swung between the travois poles. They would often climb out, play along the way, then climb back in again and go to sleep. One time, when some Pawnees were after us, one of our women lost a little girl from her basket. None of us had seen the child, so the Pawnees must have captured her. All through that mother's remaining life she mourned for that lost daughter.

I always watched closely any basket where my children might be riding. Even when no danger was apparent, as I rode the horse that dragged their basket-poles, I enjoyed looking back and exchanging glances with exactly the right number of pairs of sparkling black eyes peeping up at me. One day, a pair of eyes was missing! I jumped from

my working animal, mounted a led one, and hurried back along the line of travelers. I found my absent child asleep with another woman's children, in their basket.

Our men sometimes stole each other's wives. According to the Cheyenne old-time ways, married couples were allowed to break the marriage union at any time either of them might wish to do so. Each of them then might take at once another mate. The common custom when any man had won another man's wife, was to get her upon a horse with the victor, and have the two ride about the camps. Gay crowds of young people followed them and sang lively songs. In one case of this kind, when I was yet a girl, the losing husband came with friends, all bringing their bows and arrows. There was some fighting, but the old men came and stopped it. The young people then resumed their merriment.

All Indians liked to get women and children from other tribes. Captives were treated kindly, to make them feel contented. The women became wives, the children always found many people anxious to adopt them. From time to time we lost some of our Cheyennes in this way, but we brought many additions from other tribes. I recollect a young Crow woman being brought to us eighty-seven years ago. She married a Cheyenne man, and a son of theirs was Crazy Head, who became a great chief among us. One of our present Cheyennes, Blue Hawk, was not born an Indian. Starving Bear took him, a six-year-old boy, from a Spanish family in Mexico. He now is seventy-two, an old man. He wears a full beard like white men do, but he talks only the Cheyenne language and a little of the Spanish he learned as a boy. Starving Bear, his captor, has been dead fifty years. Chief Crazy Head, whose Crow mother I knew before he was born, has been dead so long that I have forgotten when he left us. But I am still alive, telling about these old-time people.

A woman of the Ute tribe was brought to us about the time I was married. She had with her a boy four or five years old. The captor made her his wife and adopted the boy as his own. One day she was down by the river, the Greasy Grass River (the South Platte), tanning skins. After a while she was missed, and people went to search for her. The boy was there, and he told that his mother had gone across the stream. Trails showed that she had taken a horse and had left in a hurry. It was plain that she had gone back to her own people, leaving the boy with us.

A few days later, a war party of Cheyennes brought back a Ute girl seven or eight years old. It became known that this girl also was a child of the escaped woman. The brother and sister grew up with our tribe. She married Chief Spotted Wolf, and they had several children who now are growing into old age. The little Ute boy, her brother, grew up to become a great warrior among us. He was given the name Yellow Nose. He showed special bravery when the Cheyennes and Sioux killed all of the soldiers beside the Little Bighorn River, more than fifty years ago. Both he and his sister have been dead many years.

A white woman stayed with us through one summer, about sixty-five years ago. She used to cry, and I pitied her. I was glad with her when two Sioux men and a Cheyenne man took her to the soldier fort (Fort Laramie), so she might go back to her own people. When they got to the fort, the soldiers kept the three Indians and hanged them.

A white girl about four years old came for a time into my keeping. That was about eighty years ago. We were camped on Turkey River (the Solomon River, in Kansas). One of our women out digging turnips had been found dead, with many bullet wounds on her body. Some white men on horses had been seen near our camp. Our young men wanted to go out and fight them, but the chiefs decided we should move into the hills.

As I was packing to go, a woman brought to me the little white girl. "I am afraid I may be killed if white people find her with me," the woman said. "If you are not afraid, you may have her. If the white men get too close to you, you can turn her loose for them to find or you can throw her into the river." After a short time for thought, I replied, "If you promise not to ask her back from me, I will take her." The woman promised. It was raining hard, and the night was beginning to come. I made a blanket-sling and swung the child in it from my shoulders, on my back. She slept there while I walked and carried her almost all night.

Two or three days later, when all signs of danger were gone, the woman asked me to give back to her the little girl. "No, I want her for mine," I answered. I was not yet married, though, so I gave her to a cousin of mine who had a husband. All through her girlhood, I made dolls and moccasins and beaded clothing for her. When she became old enough I taught her how to tan robes.

This white girl grew to womanhood as one not knowing any language but the Cheyenne. She married a Cheyenne man, and they had several children. She kept her skin always stained to a brown color, so that white people might not be trying to persuade her to join them. She kept, though, the same blue eyes and light-brown hair. Several years ago she died. Children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of hers are living now as full-blood Cheyenne members of our tribe. When I look nowadays upon her little descendants, learning to read and write at the white-man school, it seems like I am living in another world. My thoughts go back eighty years to the time when I as a big girl fled through rain and darkness while carrying on my back a little white girl who afterward became a woman, then an old woman, and then died, and who was their great-grandmother.

When I was about eighteen years old a great band of Shoshones attacked us while we were having our annual willow dance, on upper Powder River. We were surprised, but our young men fought as best they could, to give the women and children a chance to escape. Many women fled without packs and without horses. They just grabbed their children and ran away afoot. Many of our young men were killed. That was one of the worst days of the old-time Cheyennes.

I was on a horse and leading another one bearing some packs. Two Shoshone men came running toward me. I had a gun, and I fired a shot toward them. Not many Indians then had guns, so my shot turned them back. I hurried on into the mountains. Others of our young women were caught and taken away. One of these was a cousin of mine. I never afterward heard of her. I suppose she was made the wife of some Shoshone man and raised a family for that tribe.

White Frog's wife got a high name for herself in a battle our people had against the Pawnees. She was afoot and running away alone. A Pawnee man caught her. She made signs that she was willing to go with him. But suddenly she jerked a hatchet from her belt and struck him. His head was split wide open and he fell dead. After all of us got reassembled in quiet camp, she was heralded as a brave woman. Young warriors led her about the camp, on horseback, and sang for her. Her husband White Frog gave away all of his horses and robes and blankets, to show how proud he was of her.

Soldiers built forts in our Powder River country when I was about thirty-two years old (Fort Phil Kearny, Fort C. F. Smith and others, in 1866). The Sioux and the Cheyennes fought against them. After a few years peace was made. The Cheyennes settled at the White River agency, in our favorite Black Hills country. This was to be our land forever, so we were pleased. But white people found gold on our lands. They crowded in, so we had to move out. My husband was angry about it, but he said the only thing we could do was to go to the other lands offered to us. We did this.

Many Cheyennes and Sioux would not stay on the new reservations, but went back to the old hunting grounds in Montana. Soldiers went there to fight them. In the middle of the summer we heard that all of the soldiers had been killed at the Little Bighorn River (Custer battle). My husband said we should go and join our people there. We went, and all of our people spent the remainder of the summer there, hunting, not bothering any white people nor wanting to see any of them. When the leaves fell, the Cheyenne camp was located on a small creek far up the Powder River.

Soldiers came (November 29, 1876) and fought us there. Crows, Pawnees, Shoshones, some Arapahoes and other Indians were with them. They killed our men, women and children, whichever ones might be hit by their bullets. We who could do so ran away. My husband and my two sons helped in fighting off the soldiers and enemy Indians. My husband was walking, leading his horse, and stopping at times to shoot. Suddenly, I saw him fall. I started to go back to him, but my sons made me go on, with my three daughters. The last time I ever saw Red Ripe, he was lying there dead in the snow. From the hilltops we Cheyennes saw our lodges and everything in them burned.

We wallowed through the mountain snows for several days. Most of us were afoot. We had no lodges, only a few blankets, and there was only a little dry meat food among us. Men died of wounds, women and

children froze to death. After eleven days of this kind of traveling we found a camp of Ogalala Sioux. They fed us, but the rest of that winter was a hard one for all of us. When the spring came, I went with the band of Cheyennes who surrendered to Bear Shirt (General Miles) at Fort Keogh.

I was afraid of his soldiers, at first. These were the same kind of men who in past times had killed our people and burned our villages. I had in mind particularly a time, twelve years before this, when they had killed and scalped many of our women and children, in a peaceable camp near Mexico (Sand Creek, in southeastern Colorado). At that time I had seen one of our women crawling along on the ground, shot, scalped, crazy, but not yet dead. After that, every time I saw white soldiers I thought of her.

From Fort Keogh we were sent to Dakota, and from there we were sent on to Oklahoma, to be joined with the Southern Cheyennes. In Oklahoma we Northern Cheyennes all got chills and fever. When we were not sick we were hungry. We had been promised food until we could plant corn and wait for it to grow, but most of the time the promised food was not given to us. Our men asked for guns, so they might kill wild game, but they were denied the guns and were kept on the small reservation. We had many deaths, both from the fever sickness and from starvation. After about a year, our chiefs told the agent:

"We are going back to the North."

The agent replied, "Soldiers will follow you and kill you."

My two sons joined the band determined to leave there. I and my three daughters followed them. I think that, all together, there were about five hundred Cheyennes in this band. Soldiers came after us, from every direction. Seven different battles we fought with them. I still was having chills and fever. At night, when we had a chance to sleep, my daughters and I made willow-branch shelters for ourselves. Day after day, through more than a month, I kept my youngest daughter strapped to my body, in front of me, on my horse. I led another horse carrying the next-youngest daughter. The oldest girl managed her own mount. The two sons always stayed behind, to help in fighting off the soldiers. I do not know how many of our grown-up people were killed, but sixty of our children were missing when we got to the end of our journey. As we got near to the Black Hills my younger son and the oldest daughter joined a few others and went on to Pine Ridge agency. I and my younger son and the two younger daughters stayed with Dull Knife's band that went to Fort Robinson.

The soldiers at Fort Robinson took from us all of our horses and whatever guns they could find. They said then that we must go back to the South, but we told them it was better to die by bullets. After a few weeks of arguing, they put our men into a prison house. We were told that women and children might go to Pine Ridge agency. Some of them went there, but most of us went into the prison with the men. In the one room, about thirty feet square, were forty-three men, twenty-nine women and twenty or thirty children.

"Now are you willing to go back

to the South?" the soldier chiefs asked us. Nobody answered them. The quantity of food given to us became less and less, every day, until they gave us none at all. Then they quit bringing water to us. Eleven days we had no food except the few mouthfuls of dry meat some of the women had kept in their packs. Three days we had no water.

Guns had been kept hidden in the clothing of some of the women. One day, a woman accidentally dropped a six-shooter upon the floor. Soldiers searched us again, taking whatever weapons they could find. But we kept five six-shooters, with some cartridges for them. I had one in the breast of my dress. We hid all of these under a loose board of the floor. My family blanket was spread over this board.

The men decided to break out of this jail. The women were willing. It was expected that some of us would be killed, but it was hoped that many of us would escape and go to join other Indians somewhere. Women cut up robes to make extra moccasins. Packs were made ready. I gave to my son the six-shooter I had. He was my oldest child, then twenty-two years of age.

After the night bugle had sounded, my son smashed a window. Others broke the other window and tore down the door. We all jumped out. My son took the younger of the two daughters upon his back. The older daughter and I carried a pack. The Indians scattered in different directions. A bright moon was shining upon the snow (January 9, 1879). Soldiers were right after us. One fired his gun almost in my face, but the bullet missed me. I had been shot at hundreds of other times, but no bullet or arrow ever hit me.

I and the daughter with me found a cave and crawled into it. We did not know what had become of the son and his little sister. A man named Crooked Nose came also into our cave. We could hear lots of shooting. The next day we still heard shots, but not so many. Each day after that there was an occasional shot. We stayed there seven days and nights. It was very cold, but we were afraid to build a fire. We nibbled at my small store of dry meat and ate snow for water. Finally, some soldiers found our tracks where we had gone out of and back into the cave each day. They took us back to Fort Robinson.

My toes and fingers were frozen. Many other recaptured Cheyennes were in worse condition than I was. I watched for my son and the youngest daughter. After a while she came to me. I asked about her brother. It appeared she did not hear me, so I asked again. This time she burst out crying. Then I knew he had been killed. She told me how it had been done. They had hidden that night in a deep pit. The next morning some soldiers had come near to them. The brother had said to her, "Lie down, and I will cover you with leaves and dirt. Then I will climb out and fight the soldiers. They will kill me, but they will not know you are here. When they go away, you can come out and hunt for our mother." The next day she came out, but the soldiers caught her.

All of us were put again into the prison house. The number of us now was only half what it had been. The soldier chief came. We were mourn-

ing for our dead, so we had no ears for what he might say. The interpreter said that the soldiers pitied us and did not want to kill any more of us. He then asked us if we were willing now to go back to Oklahoma, so that no more of us would be killed. Everybody said, "No, we will not go back there."

We expected then that the soldiers would come into the prison and shoot all of us. But they did not. After a few days we were taken to Pine Ridge. Twelve years later, almost all of the old Northern Cheyenne tribe were brought together again, on this Tongue River reservation, in Montana.

This hide-scraper I have is made from a horn of an elk my husband killed, just after we were married. Indian men of the old times regularly made this kind of gift to their young wives. The five rows of notches on this one are the age-records of my five children. Each year I added a notch to each row. So, any time, I could count up the notches and know the age of any of my children. Throughout seventy-four years I have always kept it with me. There were times when I had not much else. I was carrying it in my hands when my husband was killed in the battle on Powder River. It was tied to my saddle while we were in flight from Oklahoma. It was in my little pack when we broke out from the Fort Robinson prison. It never has been lost. Different white people have offered me money for it. I am very poor, but when I die this gift from my husband will be buried with me.

This sheath-knife scabbard also was made for me by my husband, soon after we were married. Since then, every day it has dangled from my belt. It is not for sale. Red Ripe was the only husband I ever had. I am the only wife he ever had. More than fifty years I have been his widow. This scabbard always on my person keeps him ever in my memory as a good man.

I used to cry every time anything reminded me of the killing of my husband and my son. But I now have grown old enough to talk quietly of them. I used to hate all white people, especially their soldiers. But now my heart has become changed to softer feelings. Some of the white people are good, maybe as good as Indians.

According to our ways, it is considered not right to speak the name of any of our own dead. But mine have been gone many years, so I have told you who was my husband. I tell you now the name of my son who was killed: we called him *Monsee-yo-mon*—Gathering His Medicine. Lots of times, as I sit here alone on the floor with my blanket wrapped about me, I close my eyes and lean forward and think of him standing up out of the pit and fighting the soldiers, knowing that he would be killed, but doing this so that his little sister might get away into safety. Don't you think he was a brave young man?

Table Talk

The differing of doctors is proverbial, but such differing is chiefly in details which are usually unessential to the main issue. Thus in the April "Table Talk" we quoted Dr. J. B. Murphy of the Rockefeller Institute as doubting whether "any good purpose was served by flaunting the horrors of cancer before the lay public." Our quotation set a double echo flying. First, a denial from Dr. Murphy that he had ever made such a statement; second, an assertion from various research quarters that no matter who made the statement, it only covered half the case—and the negative half at that.

Whether we misinterpreted Dr. Murphy's remarks on cancer propaganda (and if we did, let all just men witness our contrition) we certainly never intended to disparage the value of research as the only method of solving the cancer problem. We emphatically believe that cordial support, both moral and financial, should be given to such fundamental studies on the cause of cancer and its cure, and feel sure that future generations, if not the present, will benefit. The ultimate answer to the cancer problem will come from the laboratories and not from the bedside. But while waiting for the scientist to give his answer, what is to be done with John Smith and his wife who actually have cancer?

A definite reply is being made to this query by the American Society for the Control of Cancer. Its doctors have been laboring for years with little money and much enthusiasm to impart to the lay public the simple fact that cancer is a very rapid and fatal disease when it once gets well started and that it can only be cured if taken in the very early stages, and that the way for John Smith and his wife to find out whether they have cancer is to consult the nearest person who ought to know, and that is, the doctor, and to do just what he says. If this is "flaunting the horrors of cancer," so be it.

What is the result of all this quiet education by the doctors of the American Society for the Control of Cancer? Are physicians' offices filled with horrified people and is the "lay public" possessed of cancer phobia? The answer from those who see patients in large numbers is that while the usual phobiacs still haunt doctors' offices, the phobia is just as often leprosy, tuberculosis, or heart-disease as it is cancer, and if you cure them of one phobia they promptly return with another. The doctor is used to such organ recitals from a certain portion of his patients, but he finds that the really intelligent are quietly asking whether they have cancer, in the same tone that they would ask whether they had tuberculosis; and they expect the doctor to give them the answer. When the answer is "Yes," they say quietly: "Then what shall I do now?" It is almost the universal opinion of those who see many patients with cancer that the sober and cautious education-

al efforts which are being made have resulted solely in an increasingly large number of people coming to physicians in a stage when something can be done for the disease.

WHEN the Metropolitan Museum of Art buys twenty-two photographs for its permanent exhibit of modern prints, we can safely assume that the photographer—in this instance Alfred Stieglitz—must be a superb artist. The largest and most conservative museum in America is not charitably disposed toward modern art; it rarely accords recognition to living artists who veer toward the left wing of esthetic expression. But fortunately, it has decided that photography is a legitimate medium of beauty, which, in its choicest manifestations, must be included among the artistic records of our age.

Alfred Stieglitz has long been the most brilliant photographer in the world. He was the first man to realize the possibilities of the camera lens, or to envision the outermost limits of photographic truth. His experiments began in 1895, when he was pioneering both in choice of subject matter and in his methods of printing pictures. Until Alfred Stieglitz set up his tripod in a city street, no one ever suspected the wealth of material waiting there to be focused by the creative mind. He was the first to make pictures in rain and snow, and was also the first to experiment with night photography. For thirty years he has continued to expand his practice and theory of photography, working chiefly with platinum prints—a process which he has carried to ultimate perfection. Stieglitz's recent work has been referred to as "a pictorial demonstration of Einstein's mathematics," and Einstein himself admits that Stieglitz is one of the few men who understand him. Always a leader in his field, always a battler against the old conceptions of photography, Stieglitz's acceptance by the Metropolitan comes as vindication of his personal and esthetic philosophy.

DURING a recent textile strike in New England, Labor uttered a trenchant and wholly justified criticism of Management. In reply to the mill-owners' assertion that Labor must submit to a ten per cent wage cut, the textile workers exclaimed:

"There is no need of cutting our wages or reducing your own dividends. The answer to our mutual problem is to be found in the efficient management of these mills. We refuse to bear the burden of your mistakes any longer, and demand that you allow us to participate with you in the running of this plant." The strike was settled on this basis, and the task of rehabilitating a stricken industry has proceeded thus far with increased profits for every one

—a Utopian situation that may be attributed chiefly to time-and-money-saving suggestions advanced by the mill-workers.

A partial list of specific improvements suggested by employees in various industries where coöperative management is being tested—notably the metal-working, railroading and textile industries—may be found in the valuable "Bulletin" of the Taylor Society for February 1929. In one instance a lathe-operator increased his production 2900% by making a single improvement on his own machine. Another worker reduced the milling time of a piece of steel from 10.6 to 5.0 minutes. A third man shifted a drill one sixteenth of an inch, and removed a serious source of delay in production. To savor the full value of these economies it must be remembered that they were devised by the workers themselves, and not by an efficiency engineer retained by the employers. As soon as the workers were admitted to a share in Management, their responsibility provided an incentive to cut down costs and speed up production.

Clearly, the new relation of employee and employer is one not only of profit-sharing (which is no new idea) but of managerial coöperation, with criticism of production methods freely exchanged. Ultimate decisions must of course rest with Management, since it is Management which provides the capital. But the coöperative interest in making wheels turn faster and dollars fall thicker is one that may well be shared by both members of the new industrial partnership.

OF ALL myths and delusions the "Learn to Write in Your Spare Time" fable is the saddest and most general. Assuming that every one can learn to write (and no dizzier assumption was ever made) it seems that the three prerequisites of the learning process would be leisure, more leisure and still more leisure. Odd-moment essays and spare-time short stories are inventions of hack testimonial-writers who probably had to sweat for hours to make their affidavits grammatically correct. For although the Spare Time Correspondence Schools would like to make us believe it, best-selling novels, paying articles and Broadway dramas simply are not written between the door-bell and the door.

Brander Matthews once remarked, after reading a glamorous Spare Time ad: "I see now where I made my big mistake. The reason I never became a great writer is because I gave too much time to it. Had I confined myself to Spare Time writing, I'd probably be rich and famous by now. As it is, I'm just a Broken Down Author who has Written All His Life and produced nothing but twenty or twenty-five volumes of No Importance."

At that particular moment, Brander's mustache quivered

humorously, and we knew that we wanted to be Another Failure, just like him. So we didn't clip the coupon, and we didn't send the twenty-five dollars for the first ten lessons in Spare Time writing. And now, many years afterward, we are still grubbing along, devoting eight and ten hours a day to Writing, and not getting Much of Anywhere with it. Perhaps, after all, we should have sent that coupon and learned the short cut to the Big Money that Galsworthy, Eugene O'Neil and Sinclair Lewis—not to mention some other well-known writers—are getting for their Spare Time efforts.

THE House of Representatives is undergoing the throes of reapportionment, a new shuffling of the legislative deck made imperative by inequalities of representation that can no longer be ignored.

Until 1920 our rural population was forty-nine per cent of the whole; now it is but forty-four per cent and the cityward trend of population continues to drain the rural areas. Under the new apportionment, the farming States of Kansas, Iowa, Missouri and Kentucky will each lose one or two members, while California gains six, Michigan four and Ohio three. One may deplore this trend, but it still remains a hard statistical fact. States with large cities will continue to gain new representatives, while agricultural States seem destined to lose members every time heads are counted. The consequences are serious and far reaching. For instance, champions of farm-relief measures will have twenty-three fewer adherents in the next Congress, and though the farmers will need help more than ever, there will be fewer representatives directly interested in getting it for them.

But whatever tears are shed about population trends, nothing can be gained by dodging reapportionment any longer. It has been kept under cover eight years now, until certain newspaper-owning members of Congress have begun to editorialize about the "rotten borough" scandal. Remember Old Sarum, the most odorous of the rotten boroughs? In 1832 it was a deserted hillock, yet it sent as many members to Parliament as the great city of Leeds. That is what happens when reapportionment is delayed too long. We want no boroughs in Congress that are even mildly rotten, and if the farming States need consolation for their losses, let them remember that the majesty of the Upper House is still unruffled by such minor considerations as reapportionment and dwindling population.

Radio's Accomplishment

The Part It May Play in National and International Affairs

M. H. Aylesworth

President of the National Broadcasting Company

If the future of radio is to be measured by its past, the next eight years are destined to give the world a series of fantastic events almost beyond the power of human visualization.

Eight years ago the country had one broadcasting station—KDKA, in Pittsburgh. To-day it has 630.

Eight years ago there were virtually no receiving-sets in existence, only home-made crystal affairs that were considered playthings for the children. To-day there are twelve million radios in use, costing from five dollars to more than one thousand dollars each.

Eight years ago there was no such thing as entertainment broadcasting and there was not a single radio artist in the country. In 1928, five million dollars were paid out in salaries to radio entertainers through our organization, the National Broadcasting Company, alone. One million microphone appearances a year are made in the 630 broadcasting stations of the country. In our own studios we have six thousand microphone appearances every month. Throughout the country, forty or fifty million people listen in simultaneously to special programs or special events virtually every week.

Eight years ago there was no such thing as a broadcast network. To-day the country is blanketed by upwards of one hundred thousand miles of leased wires used every day to carry programs to every corner of the land.

Eight years ago not a penny was spent by anybody for wire charges for broadcasting. In 1928 the National Broadcasting Company alone paid to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company two million dollars for this purpose.

Eight years ago not a single radio receiving-set had ever been manufactured for sale. In 1928 the volume of business of the radio manufacturers of the country was nearly seven hundred million dollars.

Nothing in history has ever caught the fancy of the American people as did radio. Nothing has ever moved with the same speed in reaching popular acceptance. Years of time and years of promotion effort, together with expenditure of vast sums for development and advertising marked the progress of the telephone, the electric light, the automobile and the airplane. But radio came into its own almost over night. In fact, it came so rapidly and the country became so quickly enthusiastic, that

its character and status now require stabilization and adaptation to meet the commercial, economic and cultural requirements of the millions of people who are using it. The effective solution of its problems calls for the best thought and the most conscientious efforts of broadcasters, manufacturers and listeners alike.

One of the fundamental principles in the consideration of the value and efficiency of any great industry is its ability to pay its way and earn a reasonable profit for its owners. Whenever the railroads are under discussion, the question of freight rates and passenger fares is always the first thing mentioned. The steel industry has often been spoken of as the barometer of American prosperity, and when talking about the condition of that great industry, the price of steel is always among the first subjects brought up. The same thing has characterized our century-old debate over the American merchant marine.

It is pertinent, therefore, in considering the future of radio, to look at this important question of operating revenue. Who pays for radio? Who pays for broadcasting? Whence came the five million dollars expended for entertainment talent, and the two million dollars spent for wire charges? How can we afford to broadcast Lindbergh's home coming, election returns, the inaugural ceremonies or Walter Damrosch concerts over a coast to coast network? Who pays the owner of a local broadcasting station for his outlay of perhaps one or two hundred thousand dollars for installing his station and for his expenditure of from seventy-five thousand to one hundred thousand dollars a year for operation?

If, in the United States, we had the system that is used in England and some other countries, that question could be answered very simply. In England the expense of operating broadcasting stations is met by the licensing of receiving-sets. Every person who listens in has to pay a yearly tax—just as he does his water taxes or his automobile taxes. Last year English listeners paid more than five and a half million dollars in license fees to support their twenty-one broadcasting stations—about a quarter of a million dollars a station. This money is used directly to maintain the broadcasters.

If the 630 radio stations of the United States were financed on the British license-fee plan at the same expenditure for each station, the listeners of America would have to pay approximately $160,000,000 in radio taxes, or from ten to fifteen dollars a year on every radio set.

Imagine what would happen if anybody proposed such a tax in this country. As a matter of fact, radio in the United States has come to be accepted by the listener as an inalienable right, something he is perfectly free to criticize or condemn to his heart's content, just as he criticizes his city government, the street-car system, the police force, the weather or a moving-picture show to which he has paid a cash admission. Radio is now taken for granted and it seldom occurs to the listener that he is enjoying a privilege without conscious cost, when he tunes in on a program he wants to hear. He

would certainly make it hot for any one who seriously threatened him with a tax on his receiving-set to pay for broadcasting.

Nevertheless, radio must pay its way. Nobody would continue indefinitely the operation of a business which not only failed to show a profit, but that each year made an increasing loss. The difference between the English and American systems is that we are collecting the money painlessly. We obtain our financial support in the same way that our sister industry—the publication business—obtains its support, that is, by making available a certain proportion of time, or space, for the spoken, or printed, messages of commercial concerns; in other words, advertising.

Radio advertising presents some entirely new problems. To understand it, several vital factors must be considered. In the first place, it must be remembered that it cannot be an appeal to crowd psychology. We hear so much about the radio audience of many millions that we are inclined to visualize it as a vast throng sitting together, listening to what comes over the air. Of course it's nothing of the kind. It is almost invariably made up of family groups of not more than four or five people who select the evening's entertainment with increasing care and discrimination.

When the President of the United States speaks to millions of people, his audience must be interpreted in terms of these family groups and not in terms of a great audience gathered under one roof. This fact makes the radio audience all the more valuable to advertisers. For years it has been the dream of the advertiser to find some medium—in addition to the magazine and the newspaper—that might walk in the front door, so to speak, and make friends with the family. This dream has been realized in radiobroadcasting, but the privilege must be so safeguarded that the radio advertiser may enter unchallenged into this intimate and exclusive circle. He can easily offend them. He can easily bore them. But he can just as easily entertain them and capture their interest, if he will make his program attractive. When he does so, he has planted a friendly thought about his product, and at a time when attention is not distracted by a thousand extraneous things. This is the chief reason why radio advertising has proved so profitable. Another reason is that the radio-owning family having invested from one to five hundred dollars in a set—is, obviously, a family of considerable buying-power.

The privacy and the intimacy of the place where radio is heard has had in another way a tremendously interesting effect upon broadcasting. It has kept it clean. During the past two years there have been one or two occasions when some gay young comedian, thinking of his radio audience in terms of crowd psychology, has offended by telling a questionable story. In each case, the protests have been so widespread and so emphatic as to leave no doubt of disapproval. For the same reasons of intimacy, broadcasting must be cheerful rather than depressing. Horrors and disasters cannot desirably be transported on the air.

Revenue derived from advertising is the financial life-blood of every unsubsidized newspaper or magazine. The publisher, by selling part of his space to advertisers, is able to give—for a few pennies—a paper containing a complete record of the latest events, including news of the shops and stores. If the publisher did not carry advertising in his paper he would have to charge five or ten—or perhaps twenty times the price you now pay for it.

The same is true of our magazines. One of America's most popular weeklies is delivered at your door for a dollar and a half a year—three cents a copy. And yet to produce that magazine costs the publisher many times three cents a copy. What is the answer? Advertising.

And that also is radio's answer. We allot a certain part of our time to commercial institutions for presentation of programs which include advertising.

Of course, the advertising on the air and the advertising in publications are entirely different in character. They do not duplicate each other in any way. Neither performs the functions of the other.

In newspapers and magazines we have direct sales stimulation, forcibly and interestingly and inoffensively presented—with detailed descriptions and prices of products. That type of advertising, which is logical, desirable and productive in newspapers and magazines, would neither be entertaining nor productive over the air. We realize that the appeal over radio, in order to bring results, must be brief and interesting and infrequent.

The radio, the newspaper and the magazine each has its distinct and essential part in any complete advertising structure. Each is a powerful stimulus to industry; each is an agent in creating and maintaining a consumer demand that assures quantity production. And quantity production means lower production costs and, consequently, lower costs to the ultimate consumer.

It is a remarkable fact that this new force, radiobroadcasting, has come into our industrial life as an advertising medium of proved value without disturbing any of the previously existing agencies. It has simply found a place hitherto unoccupied. Newspapers and magazines have not been disturbed; in fact, a complete survey would show that they have experienced increased circulation and greater prosperity as a result of radiobroadcasting. Not only that, but the radio industry itself, in its various branches, has become one of the largest users of newspapers and magazines. In newspapers its volume of advertising ranks next to that of the theaters.

Just as in the case of the newspaper or the magazine, the radio broadcaster must give the public the best possible quality of news, of entertainment, of informative, inspirational and cultural material. Sometimes, incidentally, two or more of these qualities are embodied in some one broadcast, as for example, a national political convention or a world-series baseball game. We also find ourselves under the necessity of requiring advertisers to observe these same principles in the preparation of their programs. Great strides have been made in the last year or

two in these phases of broadcasting, and yet it is here that the future's greatest opportunity lies, opportunity for initiative, for conscientious effort, for genius.

For example, radio has already begun to reflect the growing interest of the people in their government and in public affairs. It was a vital factor in the last presidential campaign and it is destined to be used more and more widely every year as a public forum. Indeed, radio may eventually be the means of making our country what it was theoretically supposed to be when its government was established—an ideal democracy.

The old New England town meeting, like the Swiss canton, was an almost pure democracy, and it is entirely possible that we may reach something of the same character on a national scale through radio. We give the country a definitely informative program once a week called the Voters' Service, which is managed by the National League of Women Voters. This great nonpartizan organization presents political conditions impartially by getting speakers of equal standing on each side of every issue. Our returns indicate that this is one of the most popular things that radio is doing.

Recently, while appearing before the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries for the discussion of radio legislation, I proposed that Congress go on the air—not by the installation of microphones in the House and Senate, but by the broadcasting of individual talks by members on questions of the day. As a result, we now have a weekly feature from Washington, in which legislators and executives speak on current events.

We have only made a beginning in the adaptation of radio to the field of education and yet it seems inevitable that the future will see a radio in every school-room in the United States, with the very best educational programs possible. I feel that the great teachers of our foremost educational institutions should not confine their efforts to the four walls of their respective class-rooms. It is conceivable that some one may organize a foundation to bring these great scholars to hundreds of thousands of students everywhere.

One noteworthy example of what can be done in this direction is the Friday morning program of Walter Damrosch, who broadcasts an hour of symphony orchestra music once a week especially for school-children. In his masterly and intensely human way, Mr. Damrosch makes the music of the great composers understandable to children of school age.

The National Broadcasting Company and associated stations put on many programs over a coast to coast network and pay their entire cost. We call broadcasts of this character "sustaining programs" in differentiation from "sponsored programs," for which some advertiser pays. The ultimate end, of course, is to sell enough "time" on the air in sponsored programs to maintain our Company, and, at the same time, permit it to do more broadcasting of the Damrosch concert kind.

I am frequently asked how "chain programs" are handled and what comprises a network. Apparently there is an impression that these are

mysterious and complicated affairs, difficult to understand. As a matter of fact they are very simple.

The National Broadcasting Company owns only one station, WEAF, in New York. It manages under contract, two other stations, WJZ, in New York and WRC, in Washington. It has, however, a mutual coöperative working arrangement with sixty other stations, all of which are independently and locally owned and operated. They are scattered all over the country from coast to coast, and from Canada to the Gulf. We lease specially engineered radio wires from the Telephone Company by which we link these radio stations together for network programs. They are perfectly free to take as many or as few as they desire. In practice, they find it to their advantage to take as many as will enable them to present every day, with their local features, a balanced and meritorious series of broadcast hours.

I am also frequently asked what the National Broadcasting Company is. Some people seem to have the impression that it is a kind of "trust." Its character and function are also simple. It was incorporated two and a half years ago for the purpose of promoting the presentation of good radio programs, so that people would have a reason for buying radio equipment. The Company is owned by the Radio Corporation of America, the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Company, whose interests are represented by fifty, thirty and twenty per cent, respectively, of stock ownership. All of these companies are engaged in the manufacture of radio apparatus, none of which can be sold unless there is attractive broadcasting for the public to hear. A radio receiving-set is of no value intrinsically, as it stands in your house with the switch turned off. Its only value is created by what comes out of it. Our business, therefore, is to do everything possible to give the public high-class broadcasting so that it will purchase equipment, either from the manufacturers who own our Company or from their competitors.

In connection with the value of a receiving-set, it is, of course, obvious that one of the most important developments of the future will be rapidly rising standards of perfection. When you compare the latest rich-toned receiving-set in an ornamental cabinet to the crude jumble of tubes, coils, wires and batteries of only five years ago, you again realize how rapid the radio changes have been. The laboratories are all striving to make the instruments of radio better and better, and we may confidently look forward to continued improvement—a situation expressed most effectively by Mr. Owen D. Young, who said, "It is what the engineers do not know to-day that makes me have faith in the future of radio."

Advertisers who use radio are rapidly developing the same high quality in their sponsored programs that we are developing in our sustaining programs. One has only to examine the daily broadcasting programs or tune in at almost any hour of the day or night to find evidences of this progress.

The evening hours are in most demand by advertisers for presentation of sponsored programs, and in

view of the fact that most of our time from six in the evening to midnight has been sold, we are bound to see, I believe, a continued improvement in commercial programs. By improvement, I do not mean merely the presentation of better music. I confidently expect a definite development and adaptation of radio to advertising which will make this medium even more distinctive.

The extent of the industry of radio program building is really amazing. It is rapidly developing its specialists, its technicians and its own psychology. Those who create commercial broadcast programs are learning what they can and cannot do. They are making interesting discoveries every day as to what is or is not presentable in the sponsored program, what is most effective, what is ineffective and so on.

One illustration will serve to reveal sharply the great difference between broadcasting technique and the technique of the stage, the motion-picture, the concert or the opera. A pistol shot in a radio drama is produced by hitting a leather cushion with a bamboo cane close to the microphone. And it sounds like a pistol shot when it comes out of your speaker. If a pistol were fired, nothing would come out of your speaker except a blasted blur. Of course, it has taken experimentation to discover such things, and the range of technique is so wide that it can hardly be comprehended.

The makers of sponsored programs have discovered that they cannot make a direct sales appeal. Their "selling" must be entirely by indirection, and this because their programs join the family circle. They cannot even spend very much time describing the product they want to sell. They have found that the most effective method is to send the listener an interesting, entertaining program, and let him know that it comes from the manufacturer of a certain product. This gives the program-makers a wide range for the display of their talents, and the intense competition among them is producing excellent results.

The list of sponsors of programs constitutes a cross-section of American business. There are included manufacturers and producers of all kinds, bankers, and owners of railroads and other industries. Their places of business are scattered all over the country, and their programs are distributed from coast to coast.

There is a wide diversity of opinion among them as to the types of programs they should present, with the result that the radio listener is treated to a great variety of entertainment.

Sponsors have found that consistent presentation of worth-while programs creates such a friendly feeling in the listener that when he has occasion to buy, he is very likely to remember favorably the industry that has provided him with good radio entertainment.

So much for the tangible, definite things which those of us in the business can see and sense and put our fingers on. They are all important and they all spell something big for to-morrow. But after all, the greatest thing in the future is, in my opinion, the influence of radio in making people understand each other. When the citizens of Massachusetts sit

down in their homes and, simultaneously with the citizens of California, hear the voice of the President of the United States or of a national hero such as Lindbergh, they become better acquainted with each other. The mere simultaneous participation as listeners to great radio programs draws them closer together. But this is not all. The problems, the needs, the beliefs, the ambitions and even the prejudices of the people of one section of the country, reach over the air the citizens of other sections, and, as a result, we are becoming a far more homogeneous people. Knowing each other, we shall eventually help each other in the solution of all problems for the common good, and in the creation of a greater and happier nation.

And let us not forget that radio has not merely a local influence, it is international—world wide. Broadcasting stations in one part of the world talk to broadcasting stations in other parts of the world over distances of eight, ten, twelve thousand or more miles. Experimentally, we have exchanged programs with Europe. Only the other day, we received a program from London and rebroadcast it over our network. On the other hand, President Hoover's inaugural address was sent all over the world by short-wave transmission. Virtually every night some American programs are rebroadcast and picked up abroad.

There is a community of interest among persons who have had the same or similar experiences. This is manifest by the feeling of friendliness engendered when one meets a stranger who has lived in his town, who has climbed the same mountain that he has climbed, or who has eaten at the same hotel in Shanghai. For the same psychological reason, people in all countries of the civilized world, hearing the same programs—music, speeches, sermons and so on—cannot fail to have a more friendly feeling for each other.

In February of this year the first international broadcast of a program from London through the National Broadcasting system was transmitted through forty associated radio stations from coast to coast. It requires no particular strain of the imagination to foresee responsible representatives of English-speaking countries, debating freely and frankly over the air questions of international relations. This will certainly make for a better understanding among the peoples of all nations and contribute in large measure to the achievement of the long-sought ideal of universal peace and brotherhood.

Feminine Modernism

The Economics of the Situation

Marcia Lewis Leach

A discussion of economics alone, much less a consideration of this science in connection with modernism among women, must necessarily be illustrative rather than exhaustive. The fact that woman is out for self-development and has clearly become an intense individualist makes the possibility of drawing general conclusions more difficult. Before attempting to understand feminine modernism, let us turn back to adventurous pioneer days.

At that time man and woman, when they married, entered into a partnership as business-like as a Wall Street enterprise. Woman, as always, had certain exchangeable commodities—good health, housekeeping ability, a dowry, charm and, if possible, good looks thrown in. She became the junior partner in the marital firm when she accepted the contract and brought with her the capital or dowry agreed upon. Furthermore, she was trained from early childhood to know her personal economic value and the means by which she could increase the demand for what she had to offer. After marriage, the labor question was solved by a family numbering ten to sixteen children. Obviously, woman exchanged her health for these laborers of the field. Moreover she paid for her own food and lodging with products of her weaving, sewing, baking, preserving and sometimes even in tilling the soil. The man paid in kind, too, by building, fishing, hunting, protecting. In other words, the man brought home the bacon, even at the risk of his life, and the woman cooked it. Together they ate it and were thankful. The couple was not always compatible, but they went on living together as a matter of economic necessity. Man could not bake and likewise hunt; nor could woman survive without shelter and protection. Children had to be born to maintain the homestead and farm. Of course if matters became too unbearable, an occasional murder or suicide broke the monotony of corn and chicken gossip. Living, however, was a serious business in those days and all hands took part. Nevertheless, man put the most crushing burden upon the weaker partner just as a domineering boss overworks his subordinate. The record of woman's overwork is tragically clear on tombstones, where inscriptions like the following are quite common:

"Here lies Ezra Bones, born 1705, died 1785; Hepzibah, his wife, born 1712, died 1742; Hannah, his wife,

born 1720, died 1755; Margaret, his wife, born 1725, died 1765."

Near these headstones will be small slabs reading:

"Joseph, infant son of Ezra Bones, died aged one year, four months; Martha, infant daughter of Ezra Bones, died aged two years."

When a man's wife died, he owed it to himself, his home and his community to marry again. The house could not go on without a woman; sturdy, hungry sons from the fields had to be fed; their huge coarse hose had to be knitted, their woolen shirts, woven. That Ezra's first wife died at thirty might have served as warning to the next matrimonial aspirant. But a girl, whether she was favorably disposed to a man, was bargained for and marketed off by her parents. A few years later she came to realize happiness only in the thought that Death would not forsake her.

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But those women who "carried on" in spite of untold hardships, were the true economic leaders. They learned with uncanny skill how much corn was needed for home consumption and how much could be exchanged with a neighbor for a piece of pottery to adorn a crude shelf. Hers was an exact mathematics in calculating the minimum store on which her family could subsist in case the crops failed. With bins full of stores, she knew and taught her daughters how to prepare frugal meals that the food supply might not be exhausted before the harvesting of the new crop. Mothers assigned to their daughters different types of work just as a factory foreman distributes labor among his hirelings.

No need for a bank in those days. A family's capital and income consisted of their corn or similar crop in the same manner that the Greeks' wealth was estimated in oxen. The question of unemployment did not exist. Each man worked or he went without bread. As for a working-day of a limited number of hours, the sun was the universal punch-clock for men. They labored from sunset to sundown and no longer. That was the advantage they had over women. Night meant for women a period of new duties—nursing, washing, managing babies; darning, knitting, spinning. Women's work was not finished until the grave claimed their spent bodies.

As recently as the sixties, with comparative luxury and numerous servants in many homes, woman was overworked in the most refined atmosphere. A record of one American family will be sufficient for our purpose. This family from the beginning enjoyed unquestionable social and educational prestige. The gentleman had eighteen children by two wives, his first helpmate dying upon the birth of her ninth child. The father married again in less than a year, for what can a mere man do with nine children? Upon his second wife, a young, beautiful woman—the junior of her husband's eldest child by several years—devolved the huge household. Servants there were, ample means, a fine estate, but the new wife went down into the Valley of Pain almost yearly and before she died, she had given to her lord and master nine more children. The gentleman's eleven sons—one dying in infancy—were splendidly educated and the three surviving

girls, after a smattering of French and music, were offered in the marriage market to the highest bidders. Fortunately, the girls had good looks plus a fair dowry, and so fulfilled their father's idea as to how females should conduct themselves. One of the eleven sons, a prosperous professional man, married a girl from a neighboring town. She in turn gave to the world ten children. The large household was later put into the hands of the eldest offspring, a lovely girl of sixteen. Although her brothers were all sent to college, she remained at home, a slave to her father and his household. When she finally had time to look around, she married at twenty-two, but was too broken physically to live through the birth of her first child. In other words, she enjoyed (shall we say) ten months out of twenty-three years of her own life, and nine of those months were spent in pregnancy. Her husband married again and is, I believe, still hale and hearty. Such is the record of one branch of one family. It is representative of many thousands.

Now let us look at the present. Girls and women, with their new freedom, are every day finding out phases of family life that furnish them volumes for refuting arguments that favor the old way of living. Few girls of sixteen nowadays, much less older women, can be persuaded that a home and family are essential to happiness, when practical economics tells them ten dollars will not buy fifty dollars' worth of necessities. Not even love itself can make thirty-five dollars a week pay expenses amounting to two hundred dollars a month. A boy and the girl he loves often give up each other, unless the young lady is "ultra-modern." In such a case, she frankly agrees to live as men have lived for years, taking her soul-mate without benefit of court or clergy. This is not modernism, but a problem for economics to solve. Birth-control is not a by-product of modernism. Again it is a question of economics. When the combined salaries of a young shipping-clerk and a woman stenographer cannot take care of a potential family, the practice of birth-control becomes an economic necessity. Few couples among the college and university instructors can force their combined salaries to meet the exigencies of childbirth and the subsequent period of home-making. Not only that, but young instructors are actually discouraged from marrying. We even know those who wait for years before the college budget allows them the luxury of one tiny offspring. And while they are waiting, fruit-venders and tinkers are reproducing their kind by the dozen —another problem for economics.

Many young women, especially college graduates, refuse therefore to marry; they lead an independent existence which often appears giddy and happy-go-lucky. This situation is termed by some as "feminine modernism." What is one of the causes? The unequal distribution of educational, professional and industrial opportunity. The men get the breaks. They get the salaries. And they also have unlimited social freedom. Let us cite an illustration in one of our large universities.

Not long ago, two youthful instructors in the same university were

married during the scholastic year. Some weeks later, when the marriage became known, the young woman was promptly dropped from the teaching staff. Yet the couple's combined salaries were just enough to allow the bride and groom to rise above the level of a furnished room. No reproach was offered the young man. The girl was considered daring, extremely modern and as having overstepped her feminine prerogatives. Her husband resigned his position in protest; but finally after a stormy period in faculty circles, the couple was reinstated with loss of salary for absence. Their case is illustrative of the way that recognized organizations hamper the social and economic progress of their own employees. Economic opportunity was denied the young woman because she dared to carry out a God-made plan without gaining the permission of her university and inviting the head of her department to her wedding march.

In the same university, a youthful instructor took unto himself a wife from the sphere of home-makers and the next year received a salary increase of five hundred dollars.

Passing from the vicissitudes of young married couples who are attempting to uphold accepted standards of morality, let us consider the young unmarried woman.

We are at once reminded of a recent remark made by a wealthy society woman: "Young women are getting so frivolous that even in the middle classes, they are losing all sense of values. The best of them do not seem to realize that dressy shoes and georgette gowns are not suitable for office or school wear." Without knowing it, the woman sounded one of the most significant notes in this age of so-called feminine modernism. As a matter of fact, the average young woman in office or school hasn't enough salary to afford buying more than one or two outfits a season. She cannot, for instance, purchase in the same month, walking shoes of good quality and a more dressy pair for dancing and the like. She compromises therefore by securing a sufficiently attractive pair that will serve for both morning and evening wear. Economic necessity likewise influences her in her choice of gowns. She will select one well-made dress of fair price, suitable for various occasions and of such good quality that it will continue to look presentable after benzine baths in her furnished-room lavatory.

Several causes motivate a young woman in wearing a rather expensive "dressy" gown to her daily work. First of all, her social engagements, especially in a large city, are such that she hasn't time to change her costume for luncheon or dinner, and sometimes not even for the evening. When she sets out in the morning, therefore, she must have one eye for her office and the other for the engagement which may follow the afternoon exodus. She has only a few minutes in which to dab her nose with a bit of powder and polish her finger-nails. Another reason for her so-called extravagance is that the social contacts she makes in office or school are usually the only ones that come her way, particularly in a congested city. Consequently, it behooves her to appear at her best each day, not necessarily to attract

men, but to give the impression of being well-groomed, a state indicating success. And success begets success. A third reason can be given in a young secretary's own words. Having been asked why she should wear a stunning *ensemble* to her office on a rather dreary day, she flung out this reply, laughing: "I felt a bit cross when I got up and there's no remedy for the 'dumps' like nice clothes."

Then some college dean asks, "But why the extremely short dresses and the silk underwear?" she herself not being addicted to them. The answer is this: Modern inventions, sports and certain occupations require woman, if she is to safeguard herself, to wear either trousers or very short skirts. Twenty-five years hence, she will probably decide, as men did in the past, that satins, velvets and laces are most inconvenient, and some sort of trousers are better for everyday wear. Meanwhile, her skirts will remain short, since she finds herself much happier, her muscles at ease and her skin catching the violet ray. As for silk underwear, if laundry bills and the period of usefulness are considered, women will agree that silk material is much more economical.

Girls, in their modernism, are not asking to be treated like men, but as human beings. Woman is not, as the late Ambassador Harvey held, "without a soul," but a creature with an energetic body, an elastic mind and possessing, like men, the universal desire to find an outlet for her soul. Though some women are taking short-cuts in their efforts at self-expression, as many men do and die young, others are dreaming, planning, acting, demanding, not as feminists or as men-antagonists, but as human beings who wish to take a creditable part in this great world. The machine age has taken away from the home much that occupied the bodies and brains of women, and substitute activities must be found to stimulate woman's interest and effort. Otherwise, instead of being an economical asset, she will become a heavy liability in the lives and work of men.

The woman problem is not, as some sociologists hold, "the problem of adjusting her to a new set of social conditions and learning how to operate the resulting new social order," but the whole of modern civilization resolves itself into man's problem. It is he who must adjust himself to the new era and adapt himself to the new woman. Men cannot live without women; women have lived without men and will go on doing so unless men adapt themselves to the new standards.

Let young women alone and they will forge ahead. They will make mistakes, just as Eve did, and as men have done from time immemorial; but let woman be admitted unconditionally into this interesting world where the principles of economics must rule, and she will discover for herself what is good and what is bad for her. Woman, in the final analysis, is less credulous now than man, and she will not always accept his dictum as to what is harmful to her.

The Unseen World

Is Science Silent

Frederic Rogers Kellogg

Does the human soul live after earthly death in a world unseen to human eyes?

This question embodies the yearning of the ages. It embraces not one query, but two; the first, the one we shall discuss, being—Is there an unseen world?

We find no lack of answers.

The spiritist and the mystic, feeling themselves in direct and personal contact with such a world and its inhabitants, say unhesitatingly, "Yes."

The philosopher will reason you to a "first cause" and all that it implies.

The theologian points to the Bible—to its prophecies, promises and revelations; and the churchman adds to this the voice of authority.

But in this practical age many demand something more. They say, "But what of science? Has she no testimony to give—no declarations to make on this vital point?"

Let us attempt to reply by a re-examination of certain of the facts and theories which scientific research has now developed, and by attempting to analyze in a non-technical manner the relationship of these facts and theories to our problem. And let us ask ourselves whether full and proper emphasis has as yet been placed upon the recent revelations of science and the tendencies of scientific thought, as bearing upon the question of the existence of an unseen world.

What has been the greatest barrier to the concept of such a world?

The absorption of man's thoughts and experiences by the so-called world of matter. From the moment when the infant first cries at the pain caused by striking his head against his cradle, through his long life of struggle with material objects, to the day when at the physical disintegration of the body the vital spirit leaves its habitation, his senses have seemed to teach him daily and momentarily the lesson of the material origin and nature of the world he lives in. Matter—its motions and characteristics, has seemed to comprise and bound the known world of man's experience. To the unreligious we appear to be only curiously energized bits of matter composed of the same elements and governed by the same laws as the seemingly non-active substances by which we are surrounded. The material world is the only world we feel that we know.

It is this submergence of mankind by the phenomena of a seemingly

material world with which we are in constant contact throughout our lives, that has convinced so large a part of the human race that this material world is all, and that any attempt, through religious teaching or otherwise, to demonstrate the existence of a higher sphere is but an idle speculation.

This has been perhaps most sweepingly and forcibly expressed in the declarations of that arch-protagonist of materialism, Ernst Haeckel, to the effect that the world is a "monism" in which every form of force or energy—even the psychic life of the higher animals—can only be conceived as a phenomenon of matter and dependent upon material processes; and that this being so, man's belief in his soul's immortality is a vain and futile thing.

The foregoing declarations embody a fairly accurate reflex of much of the scientific and popular thought not only of Haeckel's day, but of much more recent periods. Matter has been thought to be the ultimate basis and cause of the mysterious thing called "energy" or "force" and of the still more mysterious phenomena of life and spirit.

But during the years that have passed, science has bent her energies unceasingly toward the gaining of a better understanding of what "matter" really is. And the revelations of fact which have resulted from her research along these lines and certain theories that have been formed as a result of these revelations, have been of such a nature that if they are properly understood and emphasized they should and must give an entirely new trend to man's thinking as to the nature and significance of our world and of the universe.

It hardly needs to be said that these researchers do not claim to have demonstrated as a proved fact the existence of the God revealed to us in Scripture. Nor do they pretend to have demonstrated the immortality of the human soul. And it should also be particularly noted that hardly a month passes but that further light is thrown upon the scientific path, resulting frequently not only in additions or revisions, but indeed in complete abandonment of previous conclusions and theories. And yet, with all allowance made for these and other variable factors, certain scientific pronouncements bear most importantly upon our problem.

What then seems to be the present tendency of scientific thought? In substance and without pretense to technical forms of expression it is:

That there exists an unseen, intangible, impalpable essence, sometimes called the "ether," which pervades and fills all space;

That this "essence" is not a dead or quiescent thing, but that changes and manifestations which are not understood as to cause or nature take place in it;

That through certain of these manifestations, what we know as "energy" is developed;

That the atom, which is the basis of all "matter," and which was formerly supposed to be an ultimate physical particle, is on the contrary, probably entirely composed of various forms and combinations of this energy; and—

That our conclusions as to the nature of the matter of the earth on

which we live apply also to all other spheres with which the telescope and the spectroscope have brought mankind in contact.

Hence it is that as we now gaze, in the light which scientific research and speculation have supplied, upon the formerly supposed dead world of matter—it lives! That which we had believed to be largely inert and unresponsive, we see pulsating and throbbing with continuous, intense, terrific energy; and, if these theories be valid, this energy, instead of being a mere characteristic of the mass, *is the mass*. Instead of force being dependent upon matter, the truth is that matter, as we now believe it to be, not only depends upon energy and force, but is nothing more than a visible embodiment of energy and force.

The ponderable is thus seen as a combination of imponderables; the tangible, of intangibles; the visible world of matter and of substance, as an emanation of the invisible universe-essence—of the unseen world.

Science can no longer be said to be silent upon the question which confronts us at the commencement of all inquiry as to the possibility of life after death.

Do not these facts and the reasonable inferences to be drawn therefrom tend to reveal the universe to us as a unity—a "monism"—which must no longer be regarded as a monism dominated by matter, but as a monism of energy?

And does it not also follow from these premises that it is not the seen world, but the unseen world from and in which this energy is developed, *which is the world of reality—the fundamental, underlying, essential basis of the world we thought we knew?*

The old position of the materialistic philosophy can no longer be sustained. The tendency of our new thought to-day should be to the effect that the unseen world not only exists, but *is the ultimate world from which and of which all things tangible and visible are formed.*

If these beliefs gain general understanding and acceptance, will not mankind reëxamine with new vigor, encouragement and enlightenment, problems such as the following?

What is human life? Is it a separate phenomenon superimposed upon the universe-essence and its manifestations of energy, by some special act of creation? Or is it more reasonable to believe—and will science prove—that life itself is another and higher manifestation of the universe-essence, thus elevating more nearly to the infinite our monistic conceptions?

If the unseen world is accepted in our thoughts as the basic world of reality, will not a step have been taken toward justifying the further belief that forms of life which cease their manifestations to our senses are able to continue their existence in that unseen world from which they sprang—a world which from its very nature may afford them a fitting habitation?

And what of this universe-essence itself? Is it—and the energy which it displays—something separate and apart from the world of spirit, or will our new knowledge tend more and more strongly to confirm from the scientific side the majestic Scriptural revelation of One Almighty Power—immanent in and throughout all phenomena of created things?

DAVEY'S GAL

A Story of New England

CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

"I WISH you'd think to close that door when you come in," said Mathilde's Aunt Maria.

"But I did close it, Aunty."

"It ain't closed."

"I guess I didn't shut it tight enough." Mathilde walked over and closed the door.

Outside, the dusk was throwing shadows about the familiar objects in the yard, the old butter-churn which in the summer had held red and yellow nasturtiums, the hard roadway beyond the strip of grass yellowed by November frosts, the old well with its creaking chain, that had been quite modern when Mathilde's Uncle Henry installed it, thirty years before, and the two maple-trees in whose shade Aunt Maria would sit, summer mornings, shelling peas or sewing. Uncle Henry would come there, too, sometimes, with a harness to mend and a pipe to smoke, or perhaps with some corn that was to be mixed with tar before planting.

The familiar objects, synthesized as they were by the dusk, reminded Mathilde of the unhappy past. Of her father, Jed Taylor, she knew nothing except that he had deserted them when she was quite young. After that they had lived in dreary poverty until the day, two years before, when her mother's brother, Henry, had come for them in the buckboard. It was an autumn day, sunless and quiet, and each sound had impressed Mathilde—the clattering wheels on the hard road, the depressing sound of her mother's coughing, and the singsong voice of her Uncle Henry. They had reached the Thayer home at dusk, and she and her mother had gone into the kitchen to meet Aunt Maria, while Uncle Henry put the horse away. Mathilde still recalled how she had drawn back suddenly when her aunt had kissed her on the cheek, and had said:

"Thin like, Mathilde is, for seventeen."

And her mother had answered, "Ayuh. But she's a good girl, Maria. Allus eager and helpin', there's a fact."

Then in August her mother had died.

Whenever she thought of her mother, Mathilde wanted to cry. It seemed natural; but in her aunt's presence, she turned her sorrows inward, and fed upon them in silence.

Mathilde was nineteen now. Her mother had been dead three months —she tried to forget. She began to set the table for supper—but, un-

consciously, she would look out of the windows at the desolation of the farmyard, made more dreary now by the shadows. She turned to her aunt:

"The wind sounds strange tonight."

The old woman paused in the act of lifting a tea-kettle from the stove. "It's always been that way," she said. "There ain't no tellin' why." Then she added, in that tone of voice she would have used to speak of last night's frost, "I recollect how folks used to say it was ghosts."

"Ghosts?"

"Ayuh. Ghosts. The ghosts of them that lived here."

"But who, Aunty?"

"Huh? Why, that was a long time ago, Mathilde. There ain't no one remembers much about it any more." The older woman's voice became softer as she embraced the lyricism of the tale. "There was a girl, name of Genevieve Todd. She was goin' to be married to a neighbor's boy. Spent days on end makin' her weddin'-dress. They say as how it was beautiful, what with white silk and Irish lace. And on the day set for the weddin', her mother found her laid out on her bed, in her white dress, dead. She'd taken poison when all the house was asleep, and she laid down there on the bed, and died."

Mathilde waited for a moment before asking:

"But why, Aunty, why did she do it?"

"No one knew that."

"But maybe she didn't love him. There must have been some reason," Mathilde insisted.

"Maybe she didn't need no reason."

Mathilde was silent then and the old woman went on with her work. The girl turned suddenly, as though remembering something, and carefully lit the kitchen lamp. Then she walked to each window, peered out into the darkness, and slowly pulled down the shades.

Uncle Henry came in. He was an old man, not very tall, with a wrinkled face and gray hair. His eyes were timidly submissive and he spoke with a slight hesitancy, as though conscious that his words carried little weight.

"Been down the road apiece, Maria. Guess I'll leave the chores till after supper."

"Where you been?" his wife asked.

"Down to Warner's. Ez, he wants to do some butcherin' come next Saturday." He lathered his hands preparatory to rinsing them in the wash-basin. "I'll go down. Help out. Guess we could use some pork, eh, Maria?"

"I thought you were goin' to deliver wood Saturday?"

"Well, Monday will do for the wood. There ain't no hurry about that."

"There wouldn't be no hurry about nothin' if you had your say, Henry Thayer." Aunt Maria looked stern as the three sat down to table. After she had asked the blessing, Uncle Henry continued, as though unconscious of any interruption:

"Maybe not, Maria, maybe not."

No one spoke then for some time. Finally, Uncle Henry said, "Dave Warner's gonna cut some wood up in the north lot, startin' next week. He's gonna cut by the cord."

"Humph," commented Aunt Maria, "I don't reckon he'll be choppin' much wood; he ain't nothin' but a boy."

"Davey? Davey, he's more'n a boy now, Maria; he's twenty-two."

"Davey twenty-two? Well now, it don't seem it," she commented.

"Ayuh. He's gettin' on. We're all gettin' on, Maria. I told Davey as how he might get dinner down here noons. A man needs warm vittles if he's choppin' wood."

Aunt Maria nodded her head, but her eyes were on Mathilde who had eaten very little.

"You'd best eat somethin' more, Mathilde. That ain't enough for a growin' girl."

"But I'm not hungry, Aunty," the girl protested.

Uncle Henry looked at her pale face, at the dark blue of her eyes, at the brown hair coiled in a knot at the back of her neck, and he said, "Well, Mathilde, you look like your mother used to look, pale and thin like—" But seeing Mathilde's disconcertion he broke off, lit a smoky lantern and went out to do the chores, while Mathilde and her aunt did the supper dishes.

The evening, for Aunt Maria and Uncle Henry, was like countless other evenings in that monotonous household, but for Mathilde, the evening was so extraordinary that she remembered it long afterward. She had picked up an old copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" somewhere about the house, and this she was reading. Her interest, though, was desultory, and she read on merely so that her aunt would not talk to her; she could not afterward recall a single thing that she had read. Sometimes she would hear the wind blowing about the house, or the crinkling of paper as her uncle turned a page of his farm paper or the swish of cloth as her aunt worked upon the seam of a petticoat—and each of these sounds in turn caused her to feel extremely sad.

After her aunt and uncle had gone to bed, Mathilde blew out the lamp and sat hunched up in a kitchen chair by the stove. The fire, though banked for the night, still crackled a bit and sent out darts of yellow light through the room. Mathilde listened to the wind moaning through the trees and thought of the story her aunt had told her, of Genevieve Todd, reconstructing it bit by bit: how the girl had worked for days making the dress of white silk and Irish lace, how she was betrothed to a neighbor's boy and how, on the day set for her wedding, she lay there, cool and white, in her wedding-dress. "Outside," Mathilde whispered to herself, "there were birds singing and green things growing; but *she* was dead. No one could call her then and tell her to hurry. No one could call her then. She was dead." Suddenly Mathilde shuddered with horror: she realized that she had imagined herself Genevieve Todd.

Mathilde listened. Some one was driving home on the Litchfield road, a half-mile away. She could hear the beat of the horse's hoofs, and the clatter of the wagon jolting along the frozen road, and, now and then, a drunken voice raised in song or swearing at the horse. Mathilde drew herself up closer to the fire.

"You up yet, Mathilde?" her

aunt's voice queried from the bedroom beyond the kitchen.

"Yes, Aunty."

"Well, you'd best be goin' to bed."

"Yes, Aunty."

Mathilde got up, lit the lamp, and made her way up the narrow flight of stairs to her room on the upper floor. She set the lamp down on the walnut stand, where it cast planes of light about the small room, leaving the corners in darkness. She stood for a moment, shivering, and peering anxiously into the mirror which imperfectly reflected her. Then she undressed hurriedly and got into bed.

A driving wind blew the hard flakes of snow against the windows of the Thayer house. Though it was but noon, the kitchen, despite its two windows north and two south, was immersed in a near darkness.

Mathilde, her aunt and uncle, and Dave Warner were eating dinner. Dave Warner had been taking the midday meal with them for three weeks. He leaned his round shoulders over his plate with a determined air and ate with grim persistency.

Uncle Henry looked up from his plate. "Well, Davey, cain't do much choppin' in this kind of weather."

Dave Warner waited until he had swallowed a mouthful of meat pie before replying, "Guess I'll keep on for a spell."

"Don't you pay no attention to Mr. Thayer, Davey," said Aunt Maria. "He never would work if he could get out'n it."

"Like as not you be right, Maria; but I wouldn't tell no man to chop on a day like this. Now I recollect how Ira Holt cut his foot on just such a day. Laid him up for a month."

After dinner, Davey stopped beside Mathilde as he was leaving the kitchen. She was standing by the window, watching the snow that swirled about the yard and against the house.

"Mathy."

Mathilde turned, frowning slightly; she did not like the use of a nickname.

"Mathy, there's gonna be a kitchen racket over at Winslow's place on Litchfield Hill, Saturday night—"

Mathilde waited.

Davey continued: "Like to have you go. If your aunt— If you—"

Mathilde did not speak. Her aunt, washing the dishes, turned and, disregarding Mathilde's silence, said, "Seems as how you'd take right good care of Mathilde, now, wouldn't you, Davey?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, then, I wouldn't find no wrong in it. You be a good girl, though, Mathilde, and see you get started home early."

"Yes, Aunty."

At that, Dave Warner bolted out the door, happy that Mathilde's aunt had drawn an answer from her.

When Davey had gone, the old lady said, quite casually and without looking at her niece: "Davey, now— he's self-supportin', owns two yoke of oxen and a good piece of land."

Mathilde heard but made no comment.

"There's Davey now," said Aunt Maria. "Get into your coat, Mathilde; don't keep a body waitin'."

Mathilde could hear the sleigh bells and the crunch of runners on the snow. Accustomed to such sounds, she

could tell when Davey was turning his sleigh about and, by that final clatter of bells, when he stopped beside the stoop.

While she was fastening the last buttons on her coat, Uncle Henry was warning Davey to "be right pert now, or some o' the other roosters'll be after her."

"Why, Henry Thayer," Aunt Maria gasped. "Don't you be a-puttin' idears into his head."

Davey was waiting by the door, Mathilde standing where she had put her coat on.

"Well, you goin' to keep Davey awaitin' all night, Mathilde?" her aunt asked.

Mathilde, startled, smiled a little at her own thoughtlessness, and followed Dave Warner to his sleigh.

They rode northwest, along the Litchfield road. The sky was cloudless, the air keen and cold. Northern lights veiled, but did not hide, the crystal glitter of stars. They were a common enough sight to both Davey and Mathilde, but to-night they were brighter than usual, streaming down the sky in pastel shades of red, green, yellow and pink.

"Now, that's right curious, ain't it?" Davey spoke in a friendly voice, indicating the lights with the butt of his driving whip.

"They're like ribbons," she ventured.

"Ribbons!" Davey exclaimed. "Them like ribbons? Humph!"

Mathilde pulled the buffalo-robe up nearer her chin. She did not speak during the rest of the journey.

The kitchen racket at the Winslow's was a noisy affair, though good fun for most of the neighbors who had come. There was only one stranger there, a cousin of the Winslow's, from Boston. He wore smoothly tailored clothes and played ballads on the parlor organ. When he saw that Mathilde listened more attentively than the others, he turned to her and asked, "Do you know Bach?"

Mathilde shook her head.

"I'll play you a little." The slender, feminine fingers of the stranger touched the keys of the organ, and Mathilde was lost in the music. But out of her absorption, she noticed Davey looking at her jealously. When the stranger began the next piece, Mathilde arose and walked into the dimly lighted bedroom that separated the parlor from the kitchen. As she sat down she heard voices, caught phrases not meant for her ears:

"Davey's gal . . . Mathilde . . . brushin' up to the stranger . . ."

Mathilde put her face between her hands. "Davey's gal . . . Davey's gal . . ." ran through her mind like something inevitable.

They were dancing in the parlor. The sounds penetrated Mathilde's consciousness, intermittently, as though a door were being opened and closed against them. The fiddler stamped his foot as he played, "Pop Goes the Weasel," and each time he "called" Mathilde felt a chill run through her.

"Change . . . partners! . . . Swing 'er when you meet 'er! . . . The other way's the best way! . . . Swing yer own . . . leave mine alone! All . . . promenade!"

Mathilde sat hunched over, stopping her ears with her hands, so that she would not hear; she began to cry.

Some one was coming. She wiped her eyes with a handkerchief. It was the stranger.

"What is it? You are crying."

"It's nothing."

"Are you sure?" The stranger came quite near her. He put an arm about her.

"No." Mathilde pushed his arm away. She tried to escape, but the stranger held her hand. She turned to him as though about to speak, then each became suddenly aware of the other's glance. Mathilde ceased to struggle. The stranger bent over and kissed the hand that he was holding. Mathilde turned from him quickly and walked into the kitchen.

The room was a bedlam of laughter, shrill cries and the gruff voices of the men calling to the girls to hurry, as they delayed over their farewells. Mathilde put on her coat and hat and, standing apart from the others, waited for Davey to call in at the door that the sleigh was ready. All this time the stranger regarded her curiously, even boldly, but Mathilde did not look his way.

One afternoon, late in January, Mathilde's aunt took a steaming mince pie from the oven and turning to Mathilde, said, "Now then, you might cut a piece of this and take it out to Davey along with some hot coffee; seems as though a man'd like somethin' warm to drink."

Mathilde got the things ready and put on her coat and hat. She knew that to every one, now, she was "Davey's gal," and she felt a sudden resentment toward him. Stolid alike in action and in thought, he seemed to her the very opposite of the stranger from Boston, the secret of whose strange kiss she guarded jealously. Yet, while she thought often of him, she thought of him as beyond her reach, as something only to be desired. And here was Davey, hers for the taking and she did not want him.

Mathilde took the pie and the pail of coffee and walked to that part of the woods where Dave Warner was chopping. He saw her coming and waved. Then he stood waiting, leaning on the handle of his ax.

Davey ate the pie greedily, taking great gulps of the coffee between bites. When he had done, he said, "Right kind of you, Mathy."

There was something in his eyes that she did not like.

"Warm food kinder hitches up a man on a day like this."

Mathilde smiled a little but did not speak.

"Why don't you say nothin', Mathy? You never do speak much, now, do you?"

"I . . . can't think of anything to say," she answered.

"Well, now, I s'pose you can't, come to think on't. In the house all the while; a woman hain't got much to think on, has she?"

"That isn't it."

This time Davey did not reply, but he got up from the log on which he had been sitting and took her roughly into his arms.

"You're my gal now, Mathy," he told her.

His lips crushed hers fiercely. He held her so tightly that her breasts hurt. She slapped his face with her free hand. He caught her wrist and twisted it behind her back until she winced.

"I'm not your gal . . . I'm not any one's."

"Oh."

Davey stepped back. Her denial was so unexpected that he did not know what to say. He picked up the ax and began chopping again.

"You ain't finished your coffee," said Mathilde.

Davey turned and looked her way. The ax glanced. Mathilde screamed.

Davey sat down on the log. "Ain't nothin' much, Mathy." He rolled up his trouser above his boot on the left leg, revealing a deep cut just below the knee. In spite of its depth, however, it bled very little. "I'll just wrap it round with this." He began to tear a soiled bandana into strips.

"No. No. Don't use that, Davey. Here."

Davey colored. "Oughtn't to use that, Mathy."

"Yes. Yes, use it." She tore off a strip of her petticoat as she spoke, and handed it to him.

Davey wrapped the white cloth about his leg twice and tied it into a knot. "There," he said as he started to get up. His lips compressed with pain. "Guess I can't use that leg much," he added.

"I'll help you," Mathilde offered. Her face was white but, with a sudden strength, she helped him to arise.

They walked toward home, making but slow progress. Mathilde helped Davey along, her arm through his, and each time that he limped she felt the sharpness of a physical pain. She was sorry for his hurt, she felt in some way responsible, and yet she wanted to blame him. She did not like being close to him. She was baffled.

Davey turned to her abruptly and mumbled:

"I guess . . . I be'nt good enough for you to be my gal."

Mathilde colored slightly. "It ain't that."

She peered into the woods beside the path, as though seeking a way of escape, but she saw merely the familiar scene, the snow and the black trunks of trees. A sudden gust of wind relieved a spruce-tree of its burden of snow and a rabbit, startled by the thud, scurried across the white expanse, making a zigzag path to a shelter of rocks nearby.

Davey said again, "I guess I be'nt good enough for you to be my gal. . . ."

Mathilde turned and looked at him in surprise.

"It ain't that, Davey," she told him.

"But it's somethin'," Davey insisted. "Leastwise you ain't said as how you would."

Mathilde did not answer. She watched three crows that flew lazily over a clump of pine-trees, cawing as they went. The melancholy sounds impressed upon her her own sadness. There was no escape. There was nothing—

She heard Davey talking again: " . . . If you'd be my gal, Mathy; there ain't nothin' I wouldn't do."

Mathilde did not speak. She felt as though she were about to faint. They walked on slowly, crossing the snow-covered planks that bridged Baldwin's brook. She could hear the stream gurgling, under the ice and snow. She saw Davey watching her.

"Will you, Mathy?" His voice was more humble this time.

Mathilde hesitated but for a few

seconds. Then she answered him, in a dull, lifeless tone:

"Ayuh."

Davey wanted to kiss her then, despite his lameness, but they were nearing the house and he didn't dare. Uncle Henry was sitting by the stove, when they came in, mending harness, and Aunt Maria was cleaning the lamps. Seeing that Davey was hurt, they both stopped working and Aunt Maria, after scolding Mathilde for having torn her petticoat, put some salve on the wound and bound it up with a piece of waste linen. Uncle Henry walked about, gazing with his quiet eyes, first at Davey and then at Mathilde. Then, he turned to Davey and said:

"Well, now, looks as though you did it a-purpose, Davey, so's Mathilde could be bringin' you home."

"I told you not to be puttin' idears into young heads, Henry Thayer," said Aunt Maria.

Uncle Henry chuckled.

That night, when Mathilde went to bed, she lay awake for a long time, looking out her window at the stars. She thought of Davey and of that moment before the accident, when he had kissed her. Her wrist pained her yet, where he had twisted it. As she lived again the horror of that moment, she could not understand why she had given in to him. The wind, blowing through the maple-trees, sent chills through her body. She wondered what her mother would have done or would have told her to do. To Mathilde, everything that had happened since her mother's death had been desperately unfortunate. She felt, moreover, that what had happened had not been merely accidental. There had been no alternative. She thought again of the tragic romance her aunt had told her, but she was afraid to put herself in the place of Genevieve Todd, if for no other reason than that to escape one's natural fate was, to her, wicked.

When finally Mathilde went to sleep, she had a dream. In her dream, there was a funeral, apparently in the kitchen of the Thayer home. A casket rested upon two chairs and several women were gathered about it, women Mathilde knew in her dream but could not place on awakening. Mathilde stood by the window, looking out at the desolate yard, the old butter-churn and the maple-tree. She did not go near the casket, but she realized that she herself was in it. This seemed quite natural to her, that she should exist apart from her body. The women were talking in low voices and Mathilde knew that they were criticizing her dress, that they were saying it was not right for a dead person to be dressed in "white satin and Irish lace, like a bride." She felt that she could stand their remarks no longer and she turned from the window. She was going to shriek at them that her dress was proper, but the women suddenly disappeared, as did the casket.

The dream changed then and Mathilde saw the stranger from Boston. He saw her, too, and waved to her to follow him. He was walking down a long, apparently endless road. Mathilde tried to catch up to him, but she was wearing the wedding-dress and its weight forced her to walk slowly. She cried out to him but he did not turn and, at that

point, Davey suddenly stepped in front of her and clutched her in his arms as fiercely as he had that afternoon. It seemed to her, then, that she was Davey's bride, and that he had come to fetch her home. All this while, Davey said nothing, nor did he try to kiss her, but merely held her, held her closely. Mathilde cried to the stranger, but he did not even turn his head. Davey looked at her with wild eyes and began tearing her dress. Mathilde tried to cry out to the stranger, but she could not speak above a whisper. Suddenly Davey released her slightly and Mathilde shrieked.

The cry woke her up. Mathilde had thrown off the quilts and now she was quite cold. She drew them up around her neck again. She lay in a dull stupor, watching the sky until the stars faded and the grayness of dawn suffused the hills. Then she turned toward the wall and went to sleep.

It was the night before Mathilde's wedding. There was a party at the Thayer home. It was warm in the kitchen and Mathilde was hot from dancing. She walked out on to the stoop. It was one of those strange, heavy June nights that Aunt Maria used to say were "possessed." A full moon shone above a bank of clouds in the eastern sky. The air was laden with a heavy fragrance. Mathilde clung to the slender post of the stoop and breathed deeply. Her ears caught the far off sounds of peepers in a marsh and, nearer at hand, those countless beetles and bugs that make vocal a June night. She leaned back against the post. Tears came to her eyes, but she wiped them away with her handkerchief.

Suddenly she knew why Genevieve Todd had died. She was certain now that she understood. "Perhaps she didn't need no reason." She repeated the words softly, as far off, above the sound of the peepers in the marsh, a whippoorwill sang.

Davey, who had come out without Mathilde having heard him, put an arm about her. Startled, she said, "Oh, I didn't know it was you."

Davey laughed good-naturedly. "That's all right, Mathy. I didn't think you'd jump at me."

Again he laughed, at his own joke, and said, "Every one's agoin' now, Mathy; aren't you comin' in?"

Silently, Mathilde turned and went into the house.

"Oh, there you be! Been sparkin', have you?" Uncle Henry quizzed them jovially.

Davey flushed like a school-boy.

"Right purty wife she'll be, Davey," Ezra Hart, one of the neighbors, drawled out. "Ain't she now?" He turned to Aunt Maria for confirmation.

"Ayuh. She's a pretty girl and steady, Mathilde is."

Mathilde was silent. She was relieved when they had gone.

Davey wished to be with her alone. Mathilde followed him out to the stoop. She leaned against the post, as before, and Davey stood beside her.

"What you thinkin', Mathilde?"

"It's so quiet."

"Ayuh. It is quiet, ain't it?"

Mathilde nodded. Davey waited a moment, then took her into his arms. He kissed her. Mathilde, yielding, let herself think for a

moment that the stranger was kissing her. Davey called her back to reality:

"Like that, Mathy?"

Mathilde looked at him.

Davey moved uneasily. He looked out at the shadowed fields, then he turned to her, deliberately, "Well, guess I'll go, Mathy." He took her into his arms, rudely, and kissed her again. Mathilde did not respond this time.

Again Mathilde lay awake for a long time after she had gone to bed. And once more she thought of Genevieve Todd and wished that she, too, might die. The realization that she could not, that she must live, resigning herself to Davey, brought the tears to her eyes. Her crying soothed her and she fell asleep, tired out by the fatigue of her sorrow.

Mathilde slept very soundly the night before her wedding-day. At seven in the morning, her aunt called to her: "Ain't you never gettin' up? I called three times."

"Yes, Aunty."

But Mathilde lay quietly for a moment. It was a warm morning; even the slight breeze that rustled the leaves of the maple-trees, was heavy and warm. Mathilde felt the drowsy heat of the morning and did not want to get out of bed.

In throwing the sheet aside, her fingers brushed against her breast. She drew her hand back, horrified, and began to sob, burying her head in the pillow so that the sound of her weeping should not reach the room below, where her aunt was cooking breakfast. In that brief second when throwing the sheet aside, it seemed to Mathilde, she had lived again not only that moment in the woods, when Davey had told her that she was his "gal," but also through the horror of that nightmare when Davey had clutched her so tightly that she could not make herself heard to the stranger, that he might save her.

Mathilde thought again of the past. She felt that she must think of it now, for the last time. She turned to the wall and, her face still wet with tears, she forgot that it was her wedding-day, forgot her aunt working in the room below, and remembered only what had gone before—from that sunless autumn day on which she and her mother had come to the Thayer home, to that evening just past, when, for a brief moment, she had imagined Davey's lips to be those of the stranger.

She was recalled to the present by her aunt.

"Mathilde!"

"Yes, Aunty, I'm coming."

When she went downstairs, her aunt and uncle were already at table. Mathilde sat down, and picked at the food before her. She could not eat.

"Why, Mathilde, you been cryin'!" Her aunt spoke sharply. "That ain't no way to start a weddin'-day, with a cryin' spell! And you look pale!"

Mathilde was tense and nervous. Her hands trembled. She got up from her chair and running toward the stairs, shrieked, as she turned to her aunt:

"I hate it! I hate it!"

When she had gone, Aunt Maria said, "Well, now, I never did see the like of it, cryin' like that on her weddin'-day. There ain't no cause on't; Davey, he's a good boy."

"She's a flighty little thing," said Uncle Henry. "Like her mother, she is. Davey, he's a good boy, though; he'll take good care'n her."

Nothing more was said. Mathilde did not come down to help wash the breakfast dishes, as her aunt expected her to do. It was only when the neighbors had begun to arrive and Mathilde had not come downstairs that her aunt began to worry. She went up to Mathilde's room.

Mathilde was sitting near the window. She did not move when her aunt came in the room.

"Why, Mathilde, you're still in your house dress and folks arrivin' already!"

Mathilde started.

"I'll get dressed right away, Aunty."

"Well, I should say!" Aunt Maria paused to wipe the beads of perspiration from her forehead with her apron. "Come and hurry now so's I can hook you up."

"I can dress alone."

"You can't hook up that dress in back, Mathilde."

"Yes, I can, Aunty; please leave me do it by myself."

Aunt Maria stood undecided for a moment but finally said, "I s'pose as how a body wants to put on her own weddin'-dress, what with that happenin' only once." And left Mathilde to herself.

Mathilde sat in the chair a moment longer. She was past crying. Her eyes were dry. She would be quiet now.

Then she got up and took off her house dress. As she was changing, she could hear, from downstairs, a hubbub of voices and occasional laughter as the neighbors arrived for the wedding. Outside, she could see the butter-churn by the maple-trees, and beyond it, a field green with young corn. Afar off a hawk circled, slowly, gracefully, and Mathilde watched it intently, waiting for it to swoop.

Her aunt called up the stairs and asked if she was ready.

"Yes, Aunty," Mathilde said, and added, "I'm coming now."

She hooked the last catch on her wedding-dress and stopped to pat her hair before the small mirror on the walnut stand. For a moment she was horrified at seeing the pallor of her own face; as white as her dress. She sat down again in the chair by the window. When she was calm, she got up quietly and walked downstairs.

A Modern's Search in Science

Year's Summary and Conclusions

S. T.

Dr. Birkhoff's survey of modern scientific knowledge in relation to our spiritual perspective, completes the series of science articles that have been running in this magazine.

While realizing that we have by no means covered the entire scientific field, we have been very pleased and proud to publish during this year seven articles, summarizing recent developments in the sciences of mathematics, plant life, natural history, anthropology, medicine and psychotherapy, and psychical research; and the principal contributions these have made to human life, and to the solution of our human problems.

The distinguished contributors of these articles were: Lord Haldane, Sir J. C. Bose, Dr. J. Arthur Thomson, Dr. Ruth Benedict, Dr. William Brown, Dr. George D. Birkhoff and Sir Oliver Lodge. We cannot speak too appreciatively of the interest shown by each of these busy and much-demanded people in this series in general, and in the careful and comprehensive preparation of his or her paper in particular. Within these seven articles, the reader has had condensed for him the results of years upon years of patient study and research, on the part of thousands of indefatigable scientific men and women. He has been able to cover ground that would ordinarily have required many months of reading or of college lectures.

The aim in presenting these science articles was two-fold. First, to summarize for the layman the practical results of the great mass of scientific research upon human life. Second, to try to discover whether it is true or false that science is destructive of religion and spiritual values, and to hear what the foremost scientists of the world themselves have to say about this, and about the ultimate reality and meaning of existence. In accordance with the plan announced at the beginning of the series, we now give a résumé of these conclusions as presented in the articles for the year.

I—Salient Points of the Science Articles

¶ Sir J. C. Bose, "Is the Plant a Sentient Being":

The sensitiveness of all matter and *the unity of all life;* identity of response to stimuli, on the part of minerals, plants, animals, mankind. Kinship of consciousness, experience and behavior throughout this "great ocean of cosmic existence."

The creative power of man over his

further evolution and destiny. By accumulation of stimuli, nervous matter becomes automatic. Man by opening himself to such stimulation as he desires, can make of himself what he wills. Full scientific attention has not been given to the power of the will in controlling all bodily functions. There can be no doubt of the predispositions which can be conferred on the nerve by internal power of will, in inhibiting or facilitating the passage of the nervous impulse.

¶ Dr. J. Arthur Thomson, "Natural History and Human Life":

Vital interrelations: the central lesson of organic evolution, the interrelatedness of the multitudinous circles of life. Nothing lives or dies to itself. Everything is a retainer to some other part of nature. This applies to man's social and political activities as well as to all other relations.

Greater mastery of environment and increased freedom of self-expression —through greater knowledge and foresight, wiser control of life. In the course of centuries the average individual has become more controlled, more skilful, more intellectual, more farsighted, more altruistic. Nature has been not against us but with us. It was out of nature that man emerged, and nature has not ceased to favor his evolution. The biggest fact in the history of organic evolution is *the growing emancipation of mind,* and we see no reason for believing that this trend has stopped.

¶ Dr. Ruth Benedict, "The Science of Custom":

The creative power of tradition in the shaping of life. *The plasticity of the individual under the molding power of traditional ideas;* the overwhelming influence of cultural environment contrasted with hereditary instincts.

Traditional institutions, cultural patternings, take the raw material of experience and mold it into fifty different shapes. Traditional patterns of behavior set the mold, and human nature flows into it. Hitherto custom and tradition have developed blindly—round natural reactions or biological events in man's life. Thus the automatic creation of habitual grooves of thought.

We hope that whereas change has hitherto been blind, at the mercy of unconscious patternings, it will be possible gradually, that it shall be guided by intelligence. That by discipline of thought and emotion we may make life a more flexible instrument. There is no culture so bad but that it has something to contribute to the general ideal; none so good that it may not stand in need of some revision.

¶ Dr. William Brown, "Psychotherapy":

The plasticity of the physical substratum of life—in early stages of disease, and early years of existence. The tremendous responsibility of older people to young, and of us all to each other. Creative influence of thought and emotion (suggestion) on one another's lives.

Neurotic disturbance, nervous symptoms and functional disease do not invariably come from disturbance of the sex instinct, as alleged by the Freudians; but from other instincts as well—self-preservation, self-assertion, gregariousness and so forth. Where there is sex disturbance and

sex abnormality, these are generally found to proceed not from innate perversion, but from chance occurrences in early life. The cure is usually in stripping the perversion of its glamour, revealing its commonplaceness.

The process of mental reconstruction following upon analysis, *involves spiritual reorientation*—a clear-cut philosophy of life; and requires a physician capable of helping with this.

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¶ Lord Haldane, "Relativity":

Space and time are no longer thought of as independent of each other. They are regarded as existing in combination, in which each has to be taken into account as modifying and required for the interpretation of the other.

A physical quantity is not absolute as an entity. Physical quantities are now regarded as "measure numbers," based on world conditions which we cannot reach by observation. But obviously as soon as we have to define the measure numbers in our observations as depending on conditions and results of our observations, and not merely (as Newton thought) on direct perceptions, we have passed into a new phase of experience.

Reflection now enters into and molds its objects. *Thought is seen to be molding things*, in a way in which our forefathers never dreamed. Einstein has taught us that space and time are not fixed things that exist apart from the mind, but are nothing more than relations between the mind and the things that it observes; and the relations vary according as the observant mind is still or moving.

It is thus to mind that we are driven back as the only possible basis on which all life can be made explicable. *Mind and matter are not two separate things which exclude each other*, but are merely the outcome of standpoints that have dominated our way of looking at things. The ideal to which we are compelled is one in which subject and object are no longer separate, and in which both fall within a larger whole, in knowledge which is complete.

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¶ Sir Oliver Lodge, "Fifty Years of Psychical Research":

The evidence for survival of the individual personality after death, and the possibility of communication with the departed. Through investigation of unusual mental phenomena, psychic investigators realize on a basis of actual fact that: death is not the end of mental activity, mind can function apart from the bodily organs, memory is not limited to the brain, individual personality and character survive the loss of the body. This is not faith. It is the result of demonstration, on the part of learned and scientifically scrupulous men.

Psychical research has also proved the existence of *more extensive human faculties* than we have been hitherto aware of. *Telepathy*—the direct action of mind upon mind. Also individual creative power demonstrated through subtle matter called *ectoplasm.* This is organized protoplasmic material of a previously unsuspected kind, which can under certain conditions extrude itself from the body, perform simple feats such as moving inert objects, and can form itself into structures resembling hands and faces—even at times an entire body. It may be that this is done by the particles being manipu-

lated by the unconscious organism—as in the creation of nails, hair and feathers (phenomena with which we are familiar).

The problem of the interaction of mind and matter has now changed its character. The brain and nervous system are seen as an intermediary, to collect impressions and to act upon our muscles. But the brain does not think or conceive ideas. It only transmutes them into physical form that another mind can interpret. The mind dominates and utilizes the body. The brain is a transmissive vehicle, not an originator of thought. *Mind dominates matter*, and not vice versa.

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You have only to run your eye over the italicized portions of this summary, to see the chief conclusions reported by the different scientists from their varying fields of research, and the extraordinary unanimity these statements present:

The unity of all life. The interrelatedness and interdependence of all living organisms. Plastic matter. Dominating mind. And *the creative power of man over that matter and mind, and over the world that he observes and experiences.* Every science that we have studied has revealed the plasticity of the physical substratum of life under the formative and directing power of the mind—the sensitiveness and pliability of matter under the impressive influence of individual and group ideas. And the control of man over his future evolution and destiny through the conscious and intelligent, instead of blind and automatic, use of his creative and impressive powers. Scientists agree that he *must* use these powers intelligently and consciously from now on, or he will go back instead of forward.

"Unless man can substitute for the natural selection of nature's régime some method of rational and social selection," says Dr. Thomson, "there can be no stability, much less progress."

"Man is no longer a passive agent in the hands of destiny," says Sir J. C. Bose. "In all sensation, all experience, the internal stimulus of the will may play as important a part as the shock from outside. Man by opening himself to such stimulation as he desires, can make of himself what he wills."

"We hope," says Dr. Benedict, "that whereas change has hitherto been blind, at the mercy of unconscious patternings, it will be possible that gradually . . . it shall be guided by intelligence."

And the general situation is finely summed up by Troward: "The evolution which has brought us up to this standpoint, has worked by a cosmic law of averages. It has been a process in which the individual has not taken a conscious part. But if man is to evolve further, it can now only be by his conscious coöperation with the law that has brought him to the standpoint where he is able to recognize that such a law exists. His evolution in the future must be by conscious participation in the great work, and this can only be effected by his own individual intelligence and effort."

Constantly throughout these papers we have seen that future evolution depends upon intelligent use of individual creative powers, plus intelligent coöperative action. The

two interweave. Energy is held in common. The energy of two or three cannot be released to scientific study, for example, if five or six insist on attacking and fighting.

In his great picture of the eternal circulation and conservation of matter and energy, Dr. Thomson says: "The world is a flux of powers from guise to guise. Human beings make no energy, but are . . . its transient transformers." Human beings concentrate energy in what form they please. And the form in which we are concentrating energy determines the form in which we are disposing matter ("not that there is much difference between the two," says Dr. Thomson)—in short, the entire state of life and consciousness we are experiencing.

I wonder how long it will be before men wake to this process of creation that is actually going on, and to their own power and responsibility with regard to that process? In these articles we have seen how the experience of each one of us living beings is made up of an inseparable trinity—activities, instruments, consciousness. And how these three rest upon a fourth and all-important thing: our relations with one another. In the concluding article of the series on religion last year, we saw how not only our ethics and ideals but our knowledge and control over the natural world—what appears to us as "inside" and "outside," the subjective and objective worlds—has depended always on the state of these relations. How on those relations, united or hostile, fighting or peaceful (and therefore more intellectual) rests our entire universe.

You can see experience very clearly in four parallel lines: *relations* (between individual units of life); *activities* (resulting naturally from those relations); *instruments* (developed inevitably by those activities, physical, mental, spiritual); vision of life or *state of consciousness* experienced through those instruments (the degree of comprehension of the entire life-process that those instruments permit).

We see these four elements appearing and reappearing, in different states of grossness or subtlety: one life, manifesting itself in various forms. And that life (in the human state, ourselves) has the power to fix its own conditions, determine its own rate of motion and disposal of "matter," and therefore its own resulting state of consciousness or vision.

We are creating our own experience. We cannot create it as separate individuals, because only through a change in our relations—closer union, less antagonism—can energy be released, new and more powerful instruments developed, and a wider vision and scope of life be attained. How fast or how slow this progress shall be, is absolutely within our own hands. That we have not made greater progress thus far, is, I believe, because we have not yet realized what is going on, and our own power with respect to the creative process.

The point toward which we would seem to be moving, is one where instrument and vision shall be equal: where the power of the perceiving organ will be commensurate with the vision-of-the-whole that is to be perceived. Where union will have become so close, activity so free,

instruments so fine, and so instantly responsive to the creating and beholding mind they proceed from, that individual will merge into Infinite, and the great cycle of experience will be complete.

II—Science and Religion

One of the chief causes of world confusion is the constantly reiterated statement that science contradicts religion—that scientific knowledge and a scientific education render belief in spiritual things impossible. In organizing this science series, I felt that one of the most important phases of it should be a frank discussion of this point; that the scientists themselves, the finest in each field, should tell us what they thought. As before stated, no attempt was made to influence them. They were simply asked: What is your opinion as to the relation between science and religion? Do you think the one contradicts and destroys the conclusions of the other? Here are the summaries of their replies:

Sir J. C. Bose: There can be no conflict between knowledge and religion, for the highest knowledge is religion. I believe that the seeming conflict has arisen from the ignorant bigotry of those who profess dogmatic religion and dogmatic science. The true spirit of religion and science cannot be stated dogmatically. In consequence of the exploitation of scientific knowledge, civilization is now trembling on the brink of ruin. Some complementary ideal there must be, to save man from the aimless rush which must end in disaster. The ideal of self-giving, in response to the highest call of humanity, must be the true object of knowledge.

Dr. J. Arthur Thomson: The new natural history is demonstrating to man that the system of animate nature to which he belongs, is a world congruent with the religious mood: a world in which the religious spirit can breathe freely, and possibly at times enjoy the vision of God.

So much time and trouble would be saved if people would refrain from making false antitheses between scientific description and religious interpretation. Science never gives more than descriptive formulations for the laws of nature. It never raises the question of meaning or purpose; for the answers to these questions cannot be given by the scientific method. Interpretations can be given only by religion and philosophy. Of course interpretations must be congruent with the facts; but there can be no radical antithesis between a transcendental statement congruent with the facts, and a scientific description.

Science, majestic as it is, is the outcome of fishing in the sea of reality, with particular kinds of nets which we call chemical, physical, microscopical and others. But there may be—and there are—many creatures in the sea of reality which slip through the meshes of the scientific net. Science is only one of the rights of way to reality. It is not the truth, but only a contribution to the truth.

Lord Haldane: Reality is much more than an assemblage of lines and curves, numbers and equations, electrons and protons. There are levels

of experience which belong to reality just as much as do the principles of men of science. Every one of us knows that there are times when we seem to be lifted above ourselves—which means that above the level of our minds there is a higher world. The symbolical language in which we express our experience of that state does not contradict science. It says the same thing, but at its higher level.

Science and the divine do not contradict each other, because their categories are of wholly different orders, which accordingly can never come into conflict. It is only in their narrow and too conventional aspects that they can even seem to do so. Science has a place, a great place, but still only a place, in the hierarchy that also embraces morals, art and religion.

Dr. Ruth Benedict: The rôle of religion is its slow and halting exploration of the spiritual life. Often it has wedged itself into blind alleys, and wasted generations of experiment. It made a mistake, and included within its scope not only its proper field, but also all that area of existence that is better handled in secular fashion. Its special field of the spiritual life is still in process of delineation. In that field it shares with art and abstract thought and with all enthusiastic dedications of the self, the spiritual rewards of life. What the future holds, we do not know, but it is not too much to hope that it will include a reinstating and reshaping of the spiritual values of existence that will balance the present immense unfolding of the material values.

Dr. William Brown: Psychoanalysis involves the development by the patient of some sort of clear-cut, definite philosophy of life—some sort of religion or faith. Every one should have, and does have, a philosophy of life, but it is often inchoate and not clearly conscious. It is a great advance for any one to become psychoanalyzed, because he can reconstruct his philosophy of life, change it from a vague instinct or convention into a clear-cut conviction. In analysis the person becomes less emotional, less childish, his values less closely linked up with the physical self. He gets a more general, impersonal and genuinely spiritual attitude toward life. He thus becomes more capable of true religious experience—the experience of personal relationship with a personal or superpersonal God.

Sir Oliver Lodge: At certain times the ether is full of rational energy which with a suitable receptive instrument can be interpreted as speech or music, but which otherwise wholly eludes our senses. So it is with a multitude of realities which are hidden from our eyes.

The religious and spiritual world has been felt to be a region of awe, rather than of understanding, and only now are a few patient explorers seeking to investigate something of its nature, by mundane but reasonable and should-be legitimate methods. Thereby they are able to assure us of its reality, as demonstrated by ascertained fact. They have ascertained that these same bodies can be used to demonstrate powers that we did not know we possessed. And so gradually they have learned that be-

yond the body and everything connected with it, our own self, the essential part of us, is no evanescent material illusion, but has a real and permanent existence. We are spirits here and now, and spirit dominates matter.

Would you say that these men and women whom we have quoted are atheistic and unspiritual, or their opinions destructive of religion and the spiritual life? Would you say that these conclusions of science as we have seen them for ourselves—the unity of all life, vital interrelations, the plasticity of physical matter under the molding power of mind, and of the mind (as Dr. Brown showed us) under the guiding force of the individual spirit—would you say that these conclusions contradict or confirm the principles of oneness, selflessness, service to neighbor, the spirit in ascendancy over the flesh, that form the foundation-stones of every religion?

"Modern science contradicts religion." "Modern psychology shows the fallacies of religious beliefs." Well, do they? We have had a comprehensive view of the two, through the eyes of the men and women most learned in each. And have we not seen for ourselves, time after time, and in report after report, how instead of contradicting, both science and psychology bear out, restate, the basic conclusions of religion?

When people say to me that science contradicts religion, I say—it all depends on what you mean by religion. If you mean a limited system of theology—the Christian theology, the Hindu legends of the gods, the Buddhist hells—then yes, it may. If on the other hand, you mean the basic principles taught by every great religion and every great religious teacher, then we can only say from the practical results of our own researches here in these pages, that science and psychology are every day more emphatic in their confirmation of these as the true principles and natural life-line for mankind at this stage of evolution.

Oneness, selflessness, love, truth; purification of the mind of self-interest, self-abandonment: thus the teachings of all the great prophets and seers. Every psychotherapist I have ever met has said that the main trouble with his patients was self-absorption (whether self-love or self-condemnation); and that the solution for every one of them was *to forget himself* in some compelling interest larger than his self-centered concerns. Modern psychology says that disease comes from a divided mind, a person in conflict with himself, and in abnormal inharmonious relations with society. The cure is to unify the mind—round what? "Some faith or religion," Dr. Brown told us, "some clear-cut philosophy of life." And to establish normal and satisfying and harmonious relations with society. Unity of the self, unity with one's fellow-men, is the ultimate answer of science, psychology, religion. Begin where we will, every avenue of investigation leads to the same truth.

"Over and over again psychology and psychotherapy find themselves joining hands with the ancient disciplines of philosophy and religion," says Charles Baudouin. "We have demonstrated all that is contained in the great disciplines of Buddhism,

Stoicism and Christianity, and have shown how they are in agreement with the new scientific techniques."

Irreligious? Modern psychology, like modern science, destructive of spiritual values? The fault has been not with science or psychology but with ourselves: the readiness of the average individual thoughtlessly to accept the arrogant generalizations of one-sided and second-rate minds—equally quick in science, psychology and religion, to claim that their branch of knowledge has the truth to the exclusion of all others. The really wise and great and first-rate in each field are equally generous, modest, and anxious to learn from every available source of knowledge.

Looking back over our year's study, and viewing the general situation with regard to this matter of science and spiritual perspective, most of us, I think, will tend to agree with Dr. Birkhoff's conclusions: That since the Renaissance and with the tremendous advance of modern science, "knowledge has steadily increased, with a corresponding improvement in human welfare." That "our ability to develop the values of life without unexpected frustration lies almost entirely in the resources of knowledge with its manifold methods of manipulative control." And that "the highest ideals would seem to proceed from the unreserved adoption of the scientific attitude, not in the exclusive sense of any one level, but with a deep appreciation of the whole nature-mind spectrum of knowledge, and in particular of the vital interrelations and deep importance of the domain of personality."

Stressing rather than underrating the importance of religious truth in individual and race life, Dr. Birkhoff says: "The necessity for the wholehearted acceptance of some formulated code of values and ideals which transcends immediate self-interest, and to which our vital energies can be devoted, forms the essential ingredient of individual salvation in the only genuinely important sense." "The proper modification induced by the scientific attitude is merely that the accepted codes ought to be framed so as to be in consonance with existing knowledge." "The scientific attitude should enable us to choose our personal code with increased enlightenment." Therefore science brings to us not spiritual loss but gain.

All puzzling questions, or seeming conflicts that confront us in the study of these two vast realms—of phenomena and Noumenon, finite and Infinite—seem to me to be gathered up and reconciled for us in that great phrase of Sir J. C. Bose's Hindu ancestors: "They who see but One in all the changing manifoldness of this universe, unto them belongs eternal truth."

May that truth be a light to our path and a guide to our feet. And may the concluding word of this series be a word of profound gratitude to every devoted soul who has worked to reveal a portion of that truth to us, whether from the special angle of science, psychology or religion; and a rededication of ourselves to serve that truth, each in his place and as he is able, however humble his place may be.

I've Been Reading

Dodsworth, The Life of Charles Dickens, The Exquisite Tragedy, Charles Baudelaire, The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals, Witchcraft in Old and New England, and For Lancelot Andrewes

Herbert Gorman

This is an era of self-betrayals and rediscoveries, of courageous probings and merciless comprehensions. Because this is so the old romance, so gallant and removed from life in its bright trappings, has suffered a grievous decline and wanders rather watery-eyed through a world that observes its weak and reminiscential gestures with a pitying smile. Nowhere is the changed state of being more clearly manifested than in the books we read. Our most important fiction circumscribes dogged attempts to reveal ourselves as we really are. The biographies of the day sometimes go to extremes in tearing the last tatters of illusion from their subjects. Poetry develops steadily into a painful absorption in our frustrations. In religion, philosophy, science and psychology the trend is perceptible—know thyself. Before the war (and what an abyss of time there seems to be between that almost legendary era and to-day!) we were content enough to lose ourselves in books, to achieve vicariously in the achievements of fictional heroes, to observe the subjects of our biographies stepping from decorous volumes in full-dress, to hug our illusions, to multiply our rosy veils and to watch *Pippa* pass with the complacent conviction that the millennium was just around the corner. Of course, there were exceptions (many of them) but they did little more than prove the rule. To-day the entire scene is changed. Though Rafael Sabatini still exists (a ghost who has ridden right out of the days of Dumas) the urge is toward a literature that is neither deceptive nor complacent; it is toward self-analysis and rationalization and fearless self-comprehension.

I do not find this disturbing. Rather do I see in it a new romance that is braver than the old, that is mature instead of childish, and that will ride further, perform greater *gestes* and bring back richer spoil. So much agitation over man, his environment, his social divagations and his future cannot but result in excellent profit. *Nam erae voces tum demum pectore ab imo eliciuntur, et eripitur persona, manet res.* Therefore the cries about decadence, the expostulations over frankness in bi-

ography, the accusations that this is a lost generation and the evident perturbations over "the tocsin of revolt" fail to shake my faith in the era. Its purpose is admirable even if some of its manifestations hurry to undue lengths through over-zeal and regardless youth. Meeting that purpose and abetting it is a larger and more intelligent reading public than has ever before existed in this country. Upon this public rests a great responsibility, that of encouraging what is best adapted to and most necessary for the era. Every purchaser of a book becomes a patron of the arts and the arts may exist only by and through patronage. Because of this the great question of selectiveness in reading arises, a question that is complicated through personal prejudices, uneasy suspicions of "duty" and intelligence. Not all of the book-clubs and book-reviews in the world can automatically solve this question; there are too many differing tastes and not enough standards. But the reader can always realize that he is a unit in a vast body and that as a whole this body—the public—is progressing along fairly perceptible lines. If, therefore, the new books that the reader selects are part and parcel of the living urges of the day—are, in fact, living literature—he cannot be very far wrong in his choices. Every era has its own truth, and, I think, we can find the truth of our own era in the new books we read, without too much trouble. The modern temper calls from the page and the modern mind instantly answers. We could not mistake "Dodsworth" for anything but a book of the era, an attempt to formulate certain disturbing phenomena of our own time and country.

Sinclair Lewis raises three important questions in this novel, the best that he has written since "Arrowsmith" and which is impregnated with a mellowness that cannot be found in the earlier books. These questions are: What are successful American business men to do with their leisure when they retire? What is the status between the American husband and his wife? What has Europe to offer the man who has matured in our business civilization? Such questions belong to our own time and are intensified by our heightened consciousness of ourselves. A few decades ago men did not worry about an ultimate leisure; they either died in harness or accepted the dull fag-end of life with the naïve consciousness of labors accomplished. Neither did they worry about marital relationship. Ibsen's *Nora* had just slammed the door and the echo had not percolated the Republic. As for Europe, it was viewed as a playground. Nobody but that snobbish Mr. Henry James worried about that. *Sam Dodsworth*, then, is an essentially modern typification, neither a *Babbitt* nor an intellectual, but an epitome of our business civilization. The problems of his life, his reactions and adjustments to Europe, the painful progression of events that culminate in his separation from his wife, and the development of the dormant spiritual impulses within him afford Sinclair Lewis excellent opportunity for a novel crammed with color, pertinencies and incisive revelations. The theme becomes an illuminating comment on many things, on America,

of course, on Europe, on expatriates, on American wives and on the will to be one's self. I have run across no more sympathetic character in fiction recently than *Sam Dodsworth;* and, inversely, where is there a more hateful type of womanhood than *Fran Dodsworth?* Sinclair Lewis would seem to answer that perplexing question as to whether the American husband is wife-ridden, with an emphatic affirmative. Perhaps this is the result of our civilization and peculiar attitude toward marriage. Easy-going, easily-dominated and easily persuaded, the American husband, unlike his European prototype, raises his wife to a pedestal, pampers her excessively, naïvely abets her possessiveness and wears his shackles with a childlike complacence. Why not? It is the easiest way. It avoids a rumpus. All our jokes about married life—jokes that would be impossible in Europe—are concerned with the dominance of the wife. A slang expression such as "the ball and chain" would be meaningless in Paris. *Sam Dodsworth* is eventually freed from his wife because Europe gives him a new perspective; and while his case is specialized, of course, there are many sound generalizations that may be made from the unhappy odyssey of his relationship with *Fran.* This novel is one of Sinclair Lewis's finest achievements for it is courageous in its implications and superbly balanced.

Perhaps the most revelatory mirror of the modern trend toward an unsparing self-knowledge is biography. Here there has been the most obvious development of frankness, a frankness that has been severely indicted by those critics who insist that a man's private life is his own property and therefore should be permitted a proper privacy. But there is a great argument here. It is doubtful if any man whose life is important enough to warrant a biography has the right to claim suppression of a portion of his career. Percy Fitzgerald once said to J. W. T. Ley, "A great man may, in his lifetime, claim the amenities—the privacy, if he wishes it—that are the rights of all men; but when he is dead he is a world possession, and he cannot expect to impose a wish of this kind upon all succeeding generations." This was spoken apropos of Charles Dickens, and the newly annotated edition of John Forster's "The Life of Charles Dickens" gives us a fair idea of how far frankness in biography has traveled since the excellent but fussy Forster wrote his huge work. Mr. Ley has added generous notes to each chapter supplying the material (much of it extremely important if we are to have an adequate comprehension of the peculiar nature of Charles Dickens) which Forster carefully excluded. The loving obsequiousness of John Forster resulted in a one-sided work, a book crammed with facts but which did not present the "inner Dickens." The early love-affair with Maria Beadnell, the domestic infelicity that endured for years, the status of Ellen Ternan, the reasons for the break with Bradbury and Evans, these things are necessary for a complete knowledge of Charles Dickens. Mr. Ley has supplied much of this missing material with a charming discretion, although he does not

go to the length that Ralph Straus did in "Charles Dickens: A Biography from New Sources." However, he goes far enough. With all its faults of suppression and idealization Forster's "The Life of Charles Dickens" is a great book, a biography, I think, that must be ranked third after Boswell's "Life of Johnson" and Lockhart's "Scott." It is a "full-dress" biography in the grand manner and compared, say, to Lytton Strachey's "Victoria" it reveals decided deficiencies both analytical and psychological; yet it is astonishingly good reading.

A recent biography of more than ordinary flavor and excellence is Amabel Williams-Ellis's "The Exquisite Tragedy: An Intimate Life of John Ruskin." Here again the modern temper (delicately restrained, however) has its way, and a figure that both awakens our irritation and stirs our tenderest sympathies emerges. John Ruskin was the victim of his family. Their obsessive possessiveness, the way they wrapped him in wool against the world, the intolerable impertinence they displayed in selecting his wife for him, these things made the personal life of Ruskin a disaster. He put his own finger unerringly on the tragedy when—at the age of forty-four—he wrote to his father: "Men ought to be severely disciplined and exercised in the sternest way in daily life—they should learn to lie on stone beds and eat black soup, but they should never have their hearts broken. . . . The two terrific mistakes which Mama and you involuntarily fell into, were the exact reverse of this *in both ways*—you fed me effeminately and luxuriously to that extent that I actually now could not travel in rough countries without taking a cook with me: But you thwarted me in all the earnest fire of passion and life." Amabel Williams-Ellis's problem, then, was to elucidate psychologically the curious spectacle of a frustrated man who was yet the dominating influence in graphic art during his lifetime. She has accomplished her task in the most distinguished manner. When we consider John Ruskin and his unfortunate love-affairs, especially those with Adèle Domecq and Rose La Touche, the instantaneous thought comes that the greater part of his defeat was concentered in himself. Yet a little reflection will show that there was no way out for him because he had been despoiled of passionate freedom by his family. He was incapable of surmounting himself. The fires burned inwardly, but the crust of custom was too strong. Is not that a part of the indictment of Victorianism?—". . . you thwarted me in all the earnest fire of passion and life." A deal of nonsense has been written about Victorianism—by both its defenders and its critics—but in "The Exquisite Tragedy," I think, there is an implied and subtle indictment of moral dishonesty. When we think of the freedom that young men have to pursue their own lives to-day we can see how very far the world has traveled since Mrs. James Ruskin forced Euphemia Gray on her son John.

While Ruskin was fighting so strenuously for art in England a poet in France was also delivering himself of some astonishingly fine criti-

cism of painting. That was Charles Baudelaire—and he has recently been strikingly set forth by François Porché in a tenderly written biography. It would be difficult to find men as dissimilar as John Ruskin and Charles Baudelaire. All that they possessed in common was a fervent love of art. Yet the history of Baudelaire's passions is bound up in his family and the attitude of that family to him. If Ruskin was destroyed as a man because of the over-possessive love of his mother so was Baudelaire shaped and tortured by the over-possessive love *he* bore his mother. The strands of that suppressed passion gleam curiously through the strange warp and woof of his life. "Charles Baudelaire" is a painful book to read because the subject's life was a slow self-destruction, but it is also an object-lesson in the progression of art. The debauchery, the drunkenness, the maniacal affair with Jeanne Duval, do not matter in the long run except to impress ever more vividly upon us the meticulous form and classic balance of Baudelaire's poetry. Out of the disorder of his life came the perfect order of "Les Fleurs du Mal." It is instructive, for it seems to show that all of Baudelaire's precision and self-command went into his poetry. There was no discipline left for his life, which became the sport of obsessions, unbalanced passions and mysterious complexes. It was these things that were resolutely suppressed by Ruskin. Baudelaire came when the loosenesses of the Romantic Movement in France were ebbing, and, like Gustave Flaubert in fiction, he brought a new dignity and discipline to poetry. "Les Fleurs du Mal" was a challenge and guiding-post to the future of French poetry, just as "Madame Bovary" was the open door to the future of French fiction. The life, then, of Charles Baudelaire must be presented on two planes, one of them material and the other spiritual. This is exactly what François Porché has done, for in his book we perceive that the Baudelaire of the long *amour* with Jeanne Duval was one person and the Baudelaire of "Les Fleurs du Mal" was another. Yet both of them were curiously interlinked and dependent upon one another. The delicacy of treatment and the psychological adumbrations of "Charles Baudelaire" place it among the most satisfying biographies I have read.

If Baudelaire is a man whose work may be intensified for us by an analytical exploration of his days and passions, how much more so is this the case with Nathaniel Hawthorne? Here again modern treatment may illuminate dark places. Newton Arvin in "The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals" brings us closer to that happy prospect by his sensitive selections. Although the book is advertised as containing "much previously unpublished matter," I do not find this to be quite the case. It is evident that Mr. Arvin has consulted the manuscript journals in the Morgan Library and restored many phrases, names, expressions and some few passages. He has also included selections from the privately published "Love Letters of Nathaniel Hawthorne" and secured from Julian Hawthorne's life of his father the full description of Tennyson at the Manchester Arts

Exposition and the passage on Margaret Fuller in the Italian journal. No one was more secretive about himself than Hawthorne. Not even to his private diaries and journals did he confide any particular self-revelations, passionate perplexities or revelatory bewilderments. Mr. Arvin exactly describes the journals when he writes: "Not general ideas for their own sake, or personal experience on its own level, but dramatic conceptions, the fruit of imaginative revery, or observations of the external world, men and women no less than inanimate nature—these are the central substance of Hawthorne's journals." Yet the dark enigmatical nature of the man rises out of them—a trifle indistinct, no doubt, but prescient with unrevealed broodings. Hawthorne was a born solitary and it is impossible to catch him actually off his guard. He was New England in *that*, at least, and because he was so essentially New England it is possible to obtain a vantage-point from which to view him. Mr. Arvin has selected so wisely that we have our vantage-point, and I should say that any reader of "The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals" will know as much of Hawthorne's mind (always presupposing that he has read the novels) as he would after reading the sixteen manuscript volumes of the journals. Hawthorne was the autochthonous American of his day. "I think that the feeling of an American, divided, as I am, by the ocean from his country, has a continual and immediate correspondence with the national feeling at home; and it seems to be independent of any external communication," he wrote while he was in England. "My thermometer stands at the same point where theirs does." One must remember this in summing him up.

The thought of Hawthorne brings to mind Salem witches, and anybody desirous of witnessing this witch-problem settled for all time need go no further than "Witchcraft in Old and New England" by George Lyman Kittredge. Here is a superb example of American scholarship at its best, the ripe fruit of many years of meticulous study and coördination. Professor Kittredge traces the witch-craze through pre-Elizabethan times down to the dark days of 1692 in Salem Village. He conclusively adduces evidence that witches were not persecuted because they were supposed to meet in conclaves or because they rode brooms or made wax figures; they were persecuted from fear. The essence of witchcraft was *maleficium* and the hatred and terror which the witch provoked was due to her will and her supposed power to inflict bodily injury. Professor Kittredge points out that the position of the seventeenth-century believers in witchcraft was logically and theologically stronger than that of the few persons who rejected the current belief. Not too much blame, then, is to be hurled at the Puritan magistrates and divines who brought the Salem cases to the scaffold. As a matter of fact, Professor Kittredge indicates that the Puritans were, if anything, in advance of their times as far as this superstition was concerned. "The total number of persons executed for witchcraft in New England from the first settlement to the end of the century is inconsiderable,

especially in view of what was going on in Europe." And again: "The public repentance and recantation of judge and jury in Massachusetts have no parallel in the history of witchcraft." These things "came at a time which made them singularly effective arguments in the hands of the opponents of the witch-dogma in England." It is good to have our Puritan forebears somewhat cleansed from the dark stain of fanaticism. Professor Kittredge's book is a triumph of painstaking documentation and scholarly digestion. His subject may seem somewhat far from a general public, but to those who are interested in the phenomena of American history and development it should prove indispensable. There are not enough scholars with his profundity and zeal in laborious research in America.

There is one scholar of the younger generation, however, who, to grow slightly Gallic, "gives one furiously to think." That is T. S. Eliot. "For Lancelot Andrewes: Essays on Style and Order" is, in its scattering way, a summation of the literary, religious and political urges that animate Eliot. It is not complete or coördinated but it is sufficient to indicate the road that Eliot is traveling and to serve as a prologue to the three books which he promises in the near future, "The School of Donne," "The Outline of Royalism," and "The Principles of Modern Heresy." Eliot states frankly that his point of view in literature is classicist, in politics is royalist, and in religion is Anglo-Catholic. This will sound curious to those cursory readers of literary journals who have classified Eliot as a sort of misanthropical modern mooning in a modern world which he calls "the Waste Land." However, it will not surprise those readers who have followed his work, have read "The Sacred Wood," and who understand the reasonable progression of his intellect. Of all the younger men it seems to me that T. S. Eliot is the most richly endowed with erudition and the ability to apply that erudition to philosophical and critical ends. He is not betraying his generation (as some hasty youths have inferred); rather is he merging his sensibility, his intellectualism, and his emotion into an oriflamme for that more soberly inclined portion of the younger generation who perceive the necessity for a reasonable order in the modern world. There are eight essays in "For Lancelot Andrewes" and two of them are extremely important, the one on Niccolò Machiavelli and the one on "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt." In a world of loose thinking it is impressive to find an intelligence thoroughly aware of the necessity of systematized functioning, of establishing one's position, so to speak, of completing a pattern that will accept or reject the phenomena of religion, literature and politics as they do or do not fit into the crystallized scheme. Eliot is intensely a part of this modern era of self-betrayals and rediscoveries, of courageous probings and merciless comprehensions and if, miraculously enough, he leads us back to old truths by translating them through the light of the present into greater truths, he has done no small thing.

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